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ETCETERA

VOL. TWO NO. TWO

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BACKGROUND FOR NEW DIRECTIONS

I like to ask questions about comic books, especially about the super heroes that are the biggest karma the industry has to cope with now. Whose fantasies are these heroes? Who are the readers? Who are the heroes designed for? What really motivates them? What personal fantasies do their creators project conciously and unconsciously? How can the industry move beyond them? What motivates readers to buy the hero comics? Hey! That last question might make a good article.

Now just who is it who reads super hero comics? Can we assume from what I've heard that it's mainly boys between 9-15 years old? If so, then let's look into some of the psychology typical of this age to scan what mechanisms would cause a reader to be drawn to the superhero. One of the greatest needs at this age is to belong to the peer group. Though important from a much earlier age, being active within a group remains the major outlet for expression at this age. This is where much of a boy's self-confidence and concept of identity is learned. Consequently, the greatest tragedy at this time is to be shut out from the group: exiled.

At this stage everyone feels anxiety about losing his place in the group--not just those of us who are kicked out flat for various lengths of exile. 9-15 year olds are right in the midst of this drama and many know the pain of waiting for forgiveness from the group.

But what happens inside the boy who is told, "You can't play with us anymore!" How does he compensate for friendlessness? Unless one has a warm and loving mother and father to pick up the pieces, one of the obvious ways to cope with this unendurable state is to escape. My idea is that funny animal comics, Disney, et al, satisfy the need for escape into fantasy, away from anxiety completely for most children up to the age of 9. But for young adolescents the funny animals aren't strong enough medicine to heal the wounds of a viscious, "Go away! Play alone! " or "We don't want you on our team!" encountered in school that day. The funny animals generally do not do much in problems of loss of ego that are so acutely experienced in adolescence.

So boys get into daydreaming of becoming more powerful or wiser than the boys who have rejected them. Next he may---we're talking on a scale of increased rejection under increased compensation----idolize another figure like big brother or father who will defend his painfully bruised ego. Or the victim may fantasize that he becomes the older brother or father and makes good use of being bigger and stronger. From there it's an easy step to fantasizing alternate identities with superhuman powers to compensate for being rejected for one's self.

This is where mythology enters. Back in prehistory, man had to put up with many natural forces that his fledgling technology hadn't yet provided adequate protection from. To come to better understanding and control of these unruly forces like stronger faster animals, rain, lightning, the sea and hurricanes, early man imagined beings like himself with similar motivations who were in charge of these forces. Zeus was god of lightning. Thor- the god of thunder. Poseidon- the god of the sea. Hades- god of the underworld

were handles early man used to identify with and gain control over his environment. Similarly, a boy who is beaten in running races and ridiculed for his slowness might envision a super identity for himself where he could run as fast as the wind and never be tired. Then, at least in his mind, he could win any race he was in.

This is another important aspect of creating fantasy identities. Revenge. The more real a fantasy becomes, the more valuable is its secret lore, for the creator. An active imagination isn't a particularly desirable trait in the eyes of parents and peers at this, or any, age. One response to this suppression you may remember is refusing to share your fantasy with anyone; hoarding it, saving it for bedtime under the covers where you are in complete control of the secret lore.

Of all the fictional fantasy characters who can function as compensation for these needs, the super heroes of the Golden Age of comics are the most refined I can think of. Clearly, SUPERMAN and CAPTAIN MARVEL are the most representative. What boy can resist the thought of a magician who can do anything anywhere, at anytime and always have fun? Both characters, more so than any others, cut across all notions of class, background and age to appeal to the widest possible audience in their non-specific fantasy. The great equalizers. They need no explanation at all. The reader's need to be vicariously active and successful is reason enough. Underneath these, there were enough heroes to appeal to every need, passion and natural agression common to the young. I'm kind of attracted to the heroes who were able to act out my fantasies of wreaking havoc upon society. For some heroes, society neglected to channel their passionate emotions, tremendous physical energy and aggressive tendencies into constructive empire building. Consequently, some of them just ran amuck taking out their undirected energy and hostility on the society that ignored their strengths. This was how I felt as a kid. Looking back on the Golden Age heroes, I can really identify with the HUMAN TORCH and the SUB-MARINER. PRINCE NAMOR was the god of the temper tantrum. He hated everyone and wasn't afraid to tear off the peak of the Empire State Building and throw it down on the crowd below to tell them about it. No one could frustrate his fantasies. And, when he wanted to get away from all the stupid humans, he could go jump in the river and escape to an underwater kingdom where he was a prince. The TORCH was also a champion for us tantrum throwers. This hot-head would really catch fire, burn down walls and melt steel to get at what he desired. A fantasy tailor-made for all us young pyromaniacs in the audience. Other heroes, like FLASH GORDON, had to be appreciated for fulfilling other deficiency needs in young boys. FLASH always made a hit with the girls, even if his fighting was effeminite. No one looked like he knew more about the facts of life (secret knowledge) than FLASH. In fact, we could almost chart, in descending order, the most strongly felt needs of young readers by the most common powers among the various heroes. Let's see...the most obvious common denominator would have to be super strength, followed by super speed. More heroes had them than any other powers. If they didn't have them they at least had the strength of prize fighters and superlative endurance and acrobatic skill to make up for the lack of them. I interpret this as a strength and ability to fight. It seems to me that the urban environment of thirty years ago called for quite a bit of physical stamina whereas today's world calls more for psychological endurance.

To pursue an interesting thought for a moment, if it's true that almost all the men who wrote and drew the comics of the Golden Age grew up and lived in New York City, then it is possible to get some new perspectives on the whole scene. I'd like to reverse for a minute the normal order of critical analysis. Normally, critics fix on the finished artwork or story and only secondarily see it as emerging from the creator's childhood and background. But it's equally interesting, especially with popular culture, to read backwards from the finished work and concentrate on deducing the experience and needs that lie behind it. Looked at this way, the Golden Age heroes can be a highly refined mythology of a specific group in a specific period---namely kids growing up in New York during the depression. What new dimensions can this add to our appreciation of the super hero? For instance, SUPERMAN didn't just happen to be an appealing fantasy of someone who could do anything, anywhere and at any time that happened to become a best seller on the market. At the time he was created, SUPERMAN was the messiah for an environment that was quite severely repressed. SUPERMAN was a precise fantasy that filled all the gaps in the everyday experience of children growing up in the depression. Lei-

sure time for travel, meeting new people, vigorous excercise and recreation, wearing colorful clothes when faced with the grim reality of finding a job and the breadline. So without those tensions created by the depression there would have been no need to create SUPERMAN. The fact of his creation and enormous success testifies to the existance of those needs.

We can do a similar number on the early BATMAN. Yes, his appeal to our gothic sense of superstition and the supernatural was a successful contrast against the already successful SUPERMAN. But why so peculiar a grotesque a contrast? Seen as a product of Bob Kane's and Bill Finger's childhood in New York City during the depression, BATMAN's alternate world of the gloomy bleak city scapes, all potent criminal characters and pervasive evil where goodness and virtue was a joke, can be viewed as a transcription of what growing up at that time must have seemed like to little kids. In their minds, for someone to have power and deal with that environment, one would first have to completely identify with it , become one with it on its own terms. Hence the primitive rite of a man choosing an animal totem to give him access to the unconscious power of the animal kingdom in the BATMAN origin. His inhuman and depersonalized character is a product of an equally inhuman and depersonalized environment. The BATMAN's creators were having their revenge on the world that did them such violence as children as BATMAN had his revenge on the criminals who killed his parents.

Enough of that. Where does this train of thought leave us? It seems safe to assume that the Marvel heroes of the sixties can be seen as a tailor-made mythology of the time. It was a very ambitious decade of personal, political, and social ideals. The Marvel heroes in their search for the same truths, however scatter-brained, gave us the encouragement we needed. But where are we in 1973? We no longer seem to have the taste for a heroic mythology in this mellowed-down time. Regrettably, Marvel and DC have been just as unable to progress away from the hero to new forms as they were after WWII in the late forties and fifties. Could the Marvel heroes, created relatively recently, adapt themselves to the new needs of readers, or are they too indebted to the heroes of the forties? That depends on what the new needs of readers are today. I think it's an ignorant and dangerous commercial assumption on the publishers' part that the needs of 9 - 15 year olds are the same as their counterparts of 10, 20, 30 years ago. There really is a greater interest in the real world and its problems today. Accelerated education made it inevitable when it brought the extremes of wealth and poverty together in one picture in so many medias and gave kids the know-how to appreciate the contrast and want to affect a balance. Along with an increased awareness of global matters, there is certainly an increased compassion towards each individual as a unique creative person with something to add to enrich our lives. There has definitely been a raising of consciousness. Clearly, the super-heroes of the 40's are the foundation upon which the Marvel heroes laid a new facade. However, some of the basic building blocks of the past have become formidible stumbling blocks on the present. The heroes and villains are forever cast as emblems of opposite extremes of Good and Evil. And as long as they retain their simplistic role-playing sparks of a certain kind of violence and dramatic action are struck. But as soon as the roles become blurred, the hero doubts his power and the villan loses his lusts and so the situation becomes confused and we ask questions during the action. If indeed the world today is on the verge of seeing the shades of gray and giving up its simplistic black and white visions, then the Good Guys and Bad Guys may be out of work.

Never fear though, the heroes will always be around. They still fulfill and provide satisfying release for the readers of a certain age better than any other diversion. And they should be around to serve this function. But it will take new creations in new formats to speak to tomorrow.

Etcetera #3 features the return of The Wandering Fan and Duffy's Tavern. A report on the 1973 Lunacon by Robert McWalters along with photographs by Bruce Mittelman. Also our regular features: Shot In The Dark by Tom Greeniones, Part Two of A Short History of British Fandom by Nick Landau, Neal Pozner's Fandom Forum on How to Order Fanzines, more of The Great Conan Imitators by Paul Briggs, Breakdown by Doug Moench, Jeffery Wasserman with Jach Spake. New and Recommended becomes The Bookshelf. And, to top it all off, Tom Fagan, BoB Pinaha, Liam O'Connor, Paul Hugli, Ed Newsom and Wolfgang Fuchs on German Comics.

part one:
A Short History of British Fandom

BY NICK LANDAU

Nick Landau is the editor of the British fanzines Comic Media and Comic Catalog.

Although I now shudder to think of it, it can truly be said that British comics fandom started with a lot of "comics for sale", a renowned list that was put out by amateur enthusiast Frank Dobson as a means of selling a few of his old comics. Frank sold or gave away about twenty copies of that list,which was called Fantasy Advertiser.A couple of lists later,Frank received paid advertisements from other comic book buffs he had contacted through either some of the current horror fanzines or the Exchange And Mart, a national buying and selling magazine.

Fantasy Advertiser gave inspiration to an Irish Marvel fan, Tony Roche, who at the time issued a few stencilled pages his and his friend's opinions of recent comics and characters. Humble beginnings these were for our first fanzines. However, Tony's magazine soon developed into an excellent publication which became a really diverse and informative general zine on comics while FA was still a more dependable, regular adzine. It was something that each of its 200-odd subscribers could depend on to come to his door every month on the dot. One could never describe it as a particularly good adzine, but at least it was always there on time.

Through Tony's zine and others, such as Phil Clarke's Ka-Pow, news began filtering in from the United States and British fans saw that there were more people in the States interested in comix than just Howard Rogofsky,who seemed to hold a monopoly on all American ads in Fantasy Advertiser. We even heard of these conventions that were being held in the US. So, it was destined that on one Febuary weekend we had our own.. the first British Comicon, organized by British fans Phil Clarke and Tony Roche. Most of the events didn't go off as planned, but for the 100 who attended, it was one of the most exciting things that had ever happened to them. It was made even more so by seeing the organizers on the box (television)and, yes, comics were at last on the box!

A couple of years passed. We had more conventions. New names came onto the scene. A few more fanzines appeared and so did our first newszine, Oracle, then edited by Dez Skinn, who had taken over FA when Frank Dobson had left and gone to Australia.

News was taken straight from Don and Maggie Thompson's newszine, Newfangles, and, although we saw it months after it first appeared, who were we to care? This was the age of innocence. There was very little competition between fanzines---- a world of amateur enthusiasm.

On came 1971 and the first half of '72. Fanzines began to trinkle onto the scene, very slowly at first with an adzine, Orpheus,Comic Media, and Comic Catalog. Then on came the rush during the heat of the summer--suddenly we were besieged right and left and center with Thing, Fantasy Unlimited, Fantasy Domain, Fant-EC Advertiser (the return of Frank Dobson to England), Eureka, ad infinium. The general tendancy of duplicated fanzines was superceded by a trend of slowly improving offset zines; the egg of competition was there---each zine battling it out with another for supremacy in a particular field.

As the situation now stands, we now have, on a regular basis, six or seven adzines, two newszines and one general fanzine. There are also a good number of irregular fanzines (mostly article zines) which are virtually impossible to tell whether or not they are still going or if they've gone to the great fandom in the sky.

CONT. PG. 37

ABOVE: The promotional poster for WARP drawn by Neal Adams. Note the costumes. To the left on the logo by the 'W' is Lord Cumulus and to the right by the 'P' is Prince Chaos. The girl in the center is Sargon. To the top and center is Valeria. Directly to the right of Valeria is Lugulbanda.

WARP: sci-fi on stage

Science-fiction has been around for longer than anybody who's reading this has been. The novel goes back at least two centuries. The first s-f movie was made in 1902. Television has featured s-f in one form or another since the early fifties with shows such as CAPTAIN VIDEO and SUPERMAN. The only media that science-fiction has not appeared in has been the legitimate stage---Broadway.

Well, a new show has come along and changed all of that. It's billed as "The World's First Science-Fiction Epic Adventure Play in Serial Form" and it's entitled WARP.

WARP is the whole name for a trilogy of plays, although each individual part is a seperate full-length play. The first part, MY BATTLEFIELD, MY BODY, opened in New York's Ambassador Theater at 49th Street, west of Broadway. MY BATTLEFIELD, MY BODY will alternate with SlitherlusT and TO DIE...ALIVE!, to form a complete serial concerning the adventures of Lord Cumulus as he battles Prince Chaos.

The main characters in WARP are the above mentioned Lord Cumulus and Prince Chaos. The others are Sargon, Valeria and Lugulbanda.

David Carson is an earth man who suddenly finds himself on a 5th Dimensional world where he is the powerful hero named Lord Cumulus. As Lord Cumulus, he is sent out to destroy Prince Chaos who is out to destroy the universe.

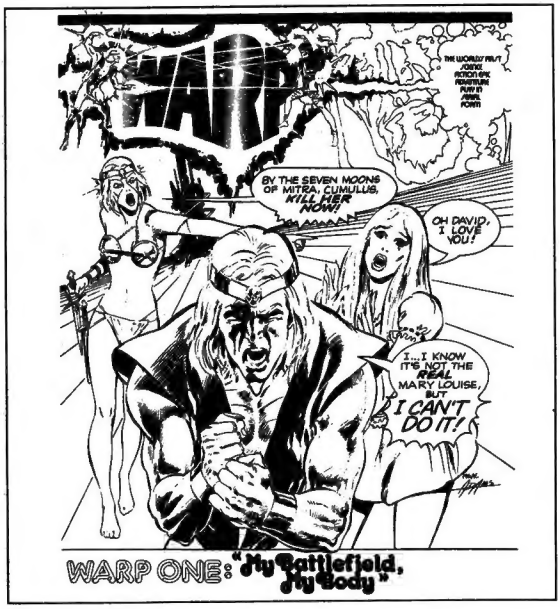
WARP will definitely be of interest to all of you science-fiction fen out there. But, it will also interest plain comic book fans, and there are two reasons for that.

Reason one: WARP is a fantastic play. It is humorous. It is interesting. It has fantastic effects. It is, for all intents and purposes, a comic book come to life on stage---only better.

Reason two: The costumes and scenery in WARP were designed by Neal Adams. As you can see from the poster on the previous page and from the picture below, these are fantastic costumes. And what's really great is that they come off looking just as good as the drawings when you see them on stage.

WARP is highly recommended to those of you who enjoy s-f, comics or Neal Adams' work or who just want to see a good play.

---Paul Kupperberg


WARP
BY THE SEVEN MOONS OF MITRA, CUMULUS, KILL HER NOW!
OH DAVID, I LOVE YOU!
I...I KNOW IT'S NOT THE REAL MARY LOUISE, BUT I CAN'T DO IT!
WARP ONE: "My Battlefield, My Body"

ABOVE: The drawing from the cover of PLAYBILL Magazine for WARP with art by Neal Adams.

Photograph by Andrew Hausspiegel

R.I.P. WARP

Well, at least there was someone who had faith in WARP!

Not that it wasn't a fantastic play, but it seems that the critics didn't much care for science fiction appearing on the Broadway stage.

Actually, WARP was not the first time that science fiction was presented on stage. Last year a play called VIVA GALACTACA opened...and closed. It too was science fiction, and, as happened to WARP, the critics and legitimate theatre folk were not prepared for it.

It's a shame that a good thing is often done away with because of the short-sightedness of some critics. And it's even worse that people follow the advice of some stranger who has somehow obtained the power to dictate what the people like and dislike.

Most of the reviews that I either heard on television and radio, or read in the papers, didn't know anything about science fiction and said so!

One reviewer, the theater critic for the New York Post, said that he had no respect for both science fiction and the people who read it. After that, are we supposed to be expected to respect his opinion? Well, I guess so. There was not too large an audience. after the show's opening.

The line heard most often from the critics was something to the effect that the costumes were like "something out of Buck Rogers".

Really?

Believe me, the costumes in WARP were far superior (look at the previous two pages and judge for yourself).

WARP originated in Chicago where it enjoyed a very successful year and a day long run. Then the people in charge of the show felt that it was ready for Broadway. Apparently not.

WARP opened on Febuary 14 at the Ambassador Theatre in New York. It closed on Febuary 18. WARP was a good attempt at putting a long ignored media on stage. Let's just hope that WARP's lack of success on stage does not discourage others from trying.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The photograph at the top of the page is not a put on or a set up! Andrew Hausspiegel and a friend were standing around in the Dekalb Station in the New York subway system when they happened upon this bit of grafetti by an unknown WARP fan. In case you can't read the word ballon it says, "WARP LIVES!".

FANDOM FORUM

NEAL POZNER

Apas? Wha' dot? A new fried fish? A hardcover from Warren Publishing? A greek god? Something you put on your tacos?

Guess again. APA is another of those purely fannish terms; words that don't exist out of fandom. APA stands for Amateur Press Association (or, in some cases, Alliance). In a sense, it's a society of fans who put out several small fanzines of their own. These "apazines", as they are called, aren't intended for general circulation in fandom, but rather to be included in periodic "mailings" of the apa. Generally, apa members are into other forms of fanac as well, and an apa is used as an outlet for creative energies and just for fun.

A "mailing" of an apa is a collection of the various members' apazines. All of these are gathered into a complete package, and this package is mailed out to each member of the apa.

The apazines are informal and friendly, as they are directed only to about 60 people or fewer in most cases. Each member sends a required number of copies of his apazine (requirements vary from apa to apa) to a "central mailer" or "official editor" (OE is more widely used in S-F fandom than comics fandom),who gathers the various zines into complete mailings, one copy of which goes to each member, whether or not he contributed to that mailing.

Each member is required to contribute a certain amount of material over a given period of time to remain in the apa. For example, a member of NYAPA is required to contribute at least four pages of apazine material, 30 copies, every two bi-monthly mailings. If he fails to do this, he is dropped from the apa roster. The member is the one responsible for putting together his apazine, writing and/or illustrating it, and printing it, and all the CM is responsible for is gathering them into mailings and mailing them out (in some apas, the CM also staples all the contributions together into one complete package). Apazines are usually printed up via mimeograph or ditto, with occasional offset, xerox and even blueprinting.

Some members contribute just what is required, or "minac" (short for "minimum activity"), but by and large, members contribute more than is required because they like doing it.

In addition to the costs incurred in printing up his or here apazine, each member also pays a small "assessment fee," charged by the CM to cover postage and other apa expenses. However, for this small amount of money spent, a member receives many similiar apazines from the othe members at no charge. Mailings can range from under 50 pages to over 500, depending on the size of the apa and the willingness of each member to contribute.

In a letter to various friends informing them of the starting of NYAPA (more on that later), I said: "The advantages of an apa are many. First, it is probably the best buy in fandom, paying merely for printing and postage to get so many zines from so many people. Since all a member has to do is mail his zines to the central mailer, he doesn't have to worry about ads... getting and filling orders, and all the other unpleasant tasks that normally come with the publishing job. The format of apazines is so loose that just about anything can be done...There can be friendly, chatty conversations...taking place throughout the zine, usually in mailing comments, which, strangely enough, comment on the previous mailing.

"Apazines provide outlets for talent and allow more experimentation since there is no worry about selling copies. Newer fans can present their work to fandom and older fans can have free control of their work and do whatever they want."

Many of the names you find in apas are far from unknown. I belong to CAPA-alpha and NYAPA. And here's where the name-dropping begins: Other NYAPA members have been Paul Levitz (head of TCR Publications and various and sundry other things that shouldn't be mentioned in fanzines), Adam Malin (co-editor/publisher of Infinity), Jeff Strell and Bob Greenberger (editors of Hemogoblin), and David Kasakove (editor/publisher

of The Creative Adventurer), among others. A few of the many members of CAPA-alpha include Tony Isabella (editor of True FAT), Dwight Decker (founder of True FAT), Don and Maggie Thompson, Jerry and Jean Bails, and quite a few others. I'm not going to mention more, for fear of slighting many good friends whom I might omit. But don't let these names scare you away. For every well-known fan, there's at least one whose name is virtually unknown out of apa circles. Who here has heard of Ruth Harte?

According to South of the Moon 8, a recent apa index, 41 amateur press associations exist in fandom. A few are exclusively for comics. Many are for science fiction and fantasy, and a number of them have no specific subject requirements. Some of the comics apas that might be of interest:

CAPA-alpha: By the time you read this, the 100th mailing will have been sent out. Hopes are high that this mailing will have contributions by every member and will be larger than any previous mailing. Several members have pledged 100 pages each. Central Mailer is Gary Brown. His address is 21010 N.E. 14th Ave. N. Miami Beach, Florida 33162. Requirement for this monthly apa is four pages every three months. The Constitution of this apa states that it is "comics-oriented", although other stuff dealing with fantasy and related fields usually gets by, as does gab in general. This is comicdom's first apa, and is considered by many to be its best. Membership limit is 50.

NYAPA (New York Amateur Press Association) is a fairly new apa, in its second year. Members are generally from New York and its vicinity, although members from other locations are welcome and invited. Unlike most other apas, the membership is not full and there is no waiting list. Each member is required to contribute at least four pages every two bi-monthly mailings. This is also a comics apa, although subject matter for apazines invariably deviates from the subject without being challenged. This apa is more involved with the personalities of the members than comics, although both fit in well. Membership is limited at 20. CM is Robert Greenberger, 20 Tioga Drive, Jericho, NY 11753. I founded this apa, in case you're interested.

Based on last reports, APA-5 was a monthly apa with a membership of 25 and a newly-elected CM. Page requirements were six pages every three consecutive mailings.

I don't really have room to go into many other apas, but ones which are worth mentioning include Canad--apa, Galaxy, Love, Myriad, and SFPA. Rumors have been circulating as to the demise of a few of these apas, but I know nothing definite about it.

In short, apas are good places to have fun, meet new friends, and curb the publishing urge which hits most fen. If anyone wants any further information, feel free to write me (my address is 4028 Anne Drive, Seaford, NY 11783) or PK, and we will try to answer you to the best of our abilities. And if anyone wants to see what apazines can be like, I'll send quite a large variety of mine for $1 to cover postage.

MODESTY BLAISE

IN

COMIC MEDIA

NO. 8&9

In the eighth and ninth issue of Britain's Finest Fanzine, the first two parts of "The Mind Of Mrs. Drake" by Peter O'Donnell, the fifth episode of Modesty Blaise!

Also in #8:
An interview with Peanuts creator Charles Schulz.
A History Of Science Fiction and Thongor of Lemuria by Lee Hopewell.
---plus much more---

And in #9:
An interview with Modesty Blaise creator and writer Peter O'Donnell, and a previously unpublished Modesty Origin.

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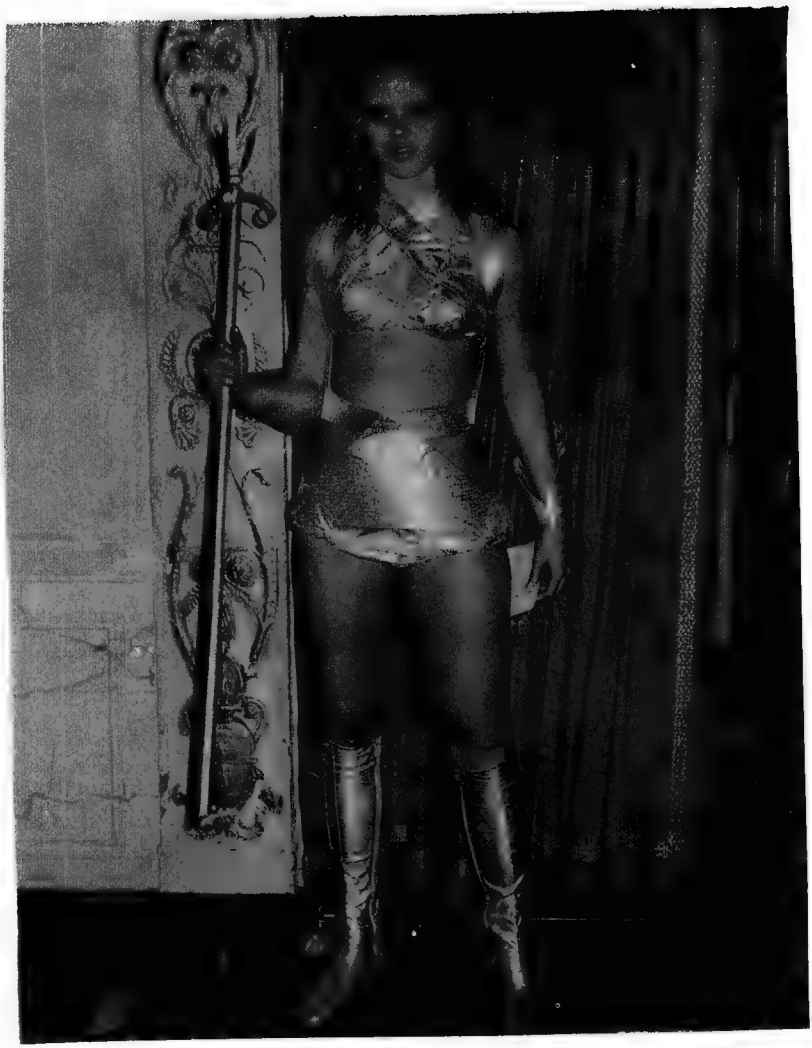


THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION

FEBRUARY 16-19

PHOTOS BY BRUCE MITTLEMAN

ABOVE: Some contestants from the costume parade.

RIGHT: One room contained a complete, detailed, life-sized model of the bridge of the Enterprise made almost completely from cardboard. At right is just a part of the model, the captain's chair and, in the background, parts of the control consoles.

con report

BY ROBERT McWALTERS

Registration started at about two and it was a madhouse. The line that I was on moved quite slowly, if it moved at all, and even now I remember it with a dread recollection. It was without a doubt the most crowded convention that I have ever attended and every time I passed the registration area, there seemed to be a large crowd. Heaven help us if all the fans converged at the registration desks at the same time.

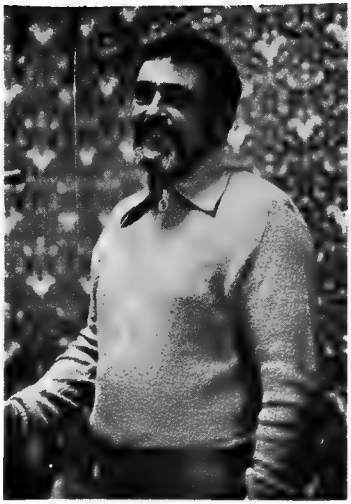
One of the first events was a discussion on the Broadway production of WARP which was handled by the show's art director, Neal Adams, and, although a bit behind schedule, was very good. The fact that I worship Adams' artwork does not influence my opinion one bit.

The next speech was given by Len Wein and, although I was not able to attend, I assume that Len spoke on the STAR TREK comics he used to write, which were, in my opinion, quite bad. (I'm sorry that I can't write this report without a little degree of prejudice, but if one of three major newspapers in New York can write an outright condemnation of WARP while admitting that he dislikes and has no respect for science fiction, then I believe I should be able to get away with this too.)

A short break for dinner (say, how come fans can shell out ten bucks for a EC comic but cannot find it in them to put out a few dollars for a decent meal?) and back for "The Andromeda Light Show". This consisted of shots from STAR TREK and present day shots of our space program superimposed over a psychedelic light pattern. Somewhat boring at the beginning, but I must admit that after a while it started to have an almost hypnotic effect on me.

Then, of course, there were the evening films with all those fabulous STAR TREK episodes (kinda makes you wanna stand up and cheer, doesnt it?). I stayed for JOURNEY TO BABEL, one of the best STAR TREK episodes made, the blooper reels, a MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. episode with both William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy, plus two more STAR TREK episodes, A PIECE OF THE ACTION and, I believe, AMOK TIME.

The second day of the INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION started, for me at least, in the middle of Oscar Katz's speech on GENESIS II which,



LEFT: Don't let the beard fool you. He's really James Doohan, better known as Scotty from STAR TREK.

RIGHT: Along with Doohan was another member of the ENTERPRISE crew, George Takei who played Mr. Sulu.

BELOW: Issac Asimov, author of over 100 novels and non-fiction books, numerous short stories and hundreds of essays, speaks to a packed auditorium of fans.

in brief, is a new tv show about a young NASA scientist who is preserved alive in suspended animation until the year 2133 A.D.! If it is handled by Gene Roddenberry (which it is)(who is, of course, the creator and producer of STAR TREK) it may be as good, if it is at all possible or better than STAR TREK. GENESIS II will have already been shown on or around March 23, so while you may have already seen it, I have to wait more than a month before it comes on the air.

Next came the moment that all of the fans were waiting for. Mr. George Takei (Sulu) was the first actor to speak. At first, he spoke about STAR TREK but after a short while he began to drift off the subject of STAR TREK and into matters of problems in the society today with mixed results. Mr. Takei was, and is, an excellent speaker but I came to hear about STAR TREK. Then came the fabulous question and answer period which was both enjoyable and informative. I must say I get somewhat annoyed, and I know that I'm not alone in this, at the constant question, "Mr. Takei, could you explain the Warp factor drive and the anti-matter pods?". Okay, one or two of these questions would be amusing, but after ten of them, they get a bit tiresome. After his speech, Takei left the stage but did not get more than two feet before he was mobbed by his fans.

The next speaker was James Doohan (Scotty), whose opening speech was kept to a minimum. He said, in essence, that he had gone there to answer the fans questions so the rest of his time he spent answering questions. By the way, whenever anyone got up to ask a question about the Warp drive or any other technical area of the show, Mr. Doohan referred them to "Gabonisky's law", which will be out in book form around the year "2035". So, wait for it to be released in book form and all your questions will be answered.

After Mr. Doohan's speech, I sped down to the dealer's room where articles dealing with STAR TREK were selling like wildfire. While comics, on the other hand, were "dying a slow death", according to one dealer. Well, after all, it was a STAR TREK convention!

I was back up in time for the STAR TREK writers panel with D.C. Fontana (STAR TREK story editor and author of five episodes, including JOURNEY TO BABEL), and David Gerrold (author of THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES and some very fine s-f novels). Again, a very interesting panel for STAR TREK fans.

At 7:30 P.M. the evening films began with THE CAGE, which was never shown on tv in its entire form but was later incorporated into the Hugo Award winning two-parter, THE MENAGERIE, written by Gene Roddenberry. WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE, the second STAR TREK pilot was also shown, along with the bloopers, THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES, another MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. episode, plus an episode of GHOST STORY which was scripted by D.C. Fontana. More films were shown, but I did not stay any longer because I had to get some sleep.

The third day of the con began somewhat duller than the other two days. Nothing interesting was on the agenda except for an Issac Asimov speech. The one complaint I usually have about most conventions is that the films are always shown at night. This is fine for people who have rooms at the hotel but it is quite annoying for people that want to get home at a reasonable hour. At this con, even though they were not scheduled, films were shown Saturday, Sunday and Monday afternoons. Hopefully, this will be the guideline for all the other conventions to come, but I somehow doubt it.

Well, in the middle of SILENT RUNNING there was a notable commotion in the hallway outside. At first, it sounded like a fight, but, as it turned out, a somewhat well-known Vulcan had shown up. The film went off, the lights came on and, before another word could be spoken, James Doohan took the microphone. He asked that the audience be seated and that the guest could only be there for ten minutes. So, before another moment went by, Leonard Nimoy came out on the stage. (For those barbarians out there, Nimoy has achieved somewhat of a high degree of stardom for his portrayal of Mr. Spock on STAR TREK).

It seemed that the applause alone lasted for more than the ten minutes that Mr. Nimoy had to stay. At about the tenth "Thank you" the applause stopped.

Nimoy's speech was short (which was quite unfortunate, it would have been fantastic if there could have been a question and answer period). The highlights of the speech were his thanking the people responsible, dispelling the rumors that he hated playing Spock (in fact, according to

LEFT: More abundant than Tribbles were STAR TREK fans.

BELOW: Although the major attraction in the dealers room were STAR TREK items, there was still an abundence of comics.

ABOVE: ...and speaking of Tribbles, above is David Gerrold, author of THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES episode of STAR TREK.

RIGHT: A panel discussion with (l to r) James Doohan, D.C. Fontana (writer of several episodes of ST and the shows story editor) and George Takei.

Nimoy, Spock was the most interesting character that he had ever portrayed and I don't believe he said it just to make the fans happy). He said, as one fan tried to climb on stage with his recording equipment and both the fans and security people dragged him off, that "there must be a logical solution to this." That probably saved the guy's life because he was beginning to annoy me and the approximately 6,000 other people in the room.

Mr. Nimoy then thanked the fans for showing such love for STAR TREK and he was then forced to leave because of the time. Mr. Doohan came on stage as Nimoy left and spoke to the fans. I think he did this in order to keep the fans in their seats while Nimoy left. If this was the idea, it met with great success, which is a plus for both Doohan and the fans.

After Nimoy left, I wandered down to the dealers room and found that it was nearly empty, although it did not come as a complete surprise. I walked into the room containing the art exhibit and found some really beautiful drawings, paintings and photographs.

Directly across from the art exhibit was a room containing a detailed, life-sized mock-up of the bridge of the ENTERPRISE. This was a really fantastic display. Somebody was always there to answer any questions from the spectators.

The next scheduled speech was to be given by Issac Asimov, which, while being quite interesting, suffered a bit because it directly followed the appearence by Nimoy.

There were no films scheduled so I decided to catch up on my rest. The costume parade, however, was very nice, as I found out the next day.

The fourth and final day of the INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION began with an auction handled by David Gerrold, who I mentioned earlier. Next came a writers panel handled again by Gerrold. The most interesting part of this panel came about because of one of the questions asked. The question concerned a recent episode of LOVE AMERICAN STYLE where a computer was used by the name of Harlie (I'm not quite sure of the name of that episode). The use of that name for the computer could mean a lawsuit for Paramount Studios (they control LAS)because Gerrold's latest novel is entitled When Harlie Was One and it concerns a computer.

The next panel was handled by D.C. Fontana, and in this speech many interesting facts were brought to the attention of the fans. There will most likely be an animated version of STAR TREK on the air starting in September. Before the moans and groans could reach the ceiling, Ms. Fontana mentioned that it will be handled by Gene Roddenberry and that it would be of the highest quality in both story and art. She also mentioned that there are some advantages to animation which are quite obvious, but, I still have some major doubts. The budget for animation will have to be smaller, in which case I cannot see how the stories can be as good as a live version would be. But, I do believe everything should be given a fair chance and, in any case, the animation might be as good or even better than that of JONNY QUEST.

The next item I am going to unfold is going to upset the STAR TREK fans among you, so be prepared. Ready? Okay, here goes...NBC wants to do STAR TREK, Gene Roddenberry wants to do STAR TREK, most of the old cast wants to do STAR TREK... Paramount Studios does not want to do STAR TREK! And, guess who has the rights to do STAR TREK? Right! Paramount does not want to do the show because it would cost too much money and they feel that they're making enough money off the reruns.

But, all is not lost. There is a possibility of a new space show with a similar format to STAR TREK to be put on the air with Gene Roddenberry at the helm. After all, while STAR TREK did its best on tv, there has been many similar ideas in s-f novel years before STAR TREK.

The last panel discussion consisted of D.C. Fontana, James Doohan, and George Takei and was held at 2:00. Another series was mentioned by Ms. Fontana. QUESTOR, which is the story of an android perfectly human in every detail (when I heard about the details, it reminded me of the VISION). It was also mentioned that Gene Roddenberry, who sold the series idea to Universal and NBC, wanted Leonard Nimoy to play the lead role, but this was refused by the studio.

It has been a long time since s-f fans had something to talk about and now, all at once, we're about to be smothered. Well, I'm not one to complain. Also, for you horror freaks (which includes me) Roddenberry has sold an idea called SPECTRE to one of the three major

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ETCETERA 1

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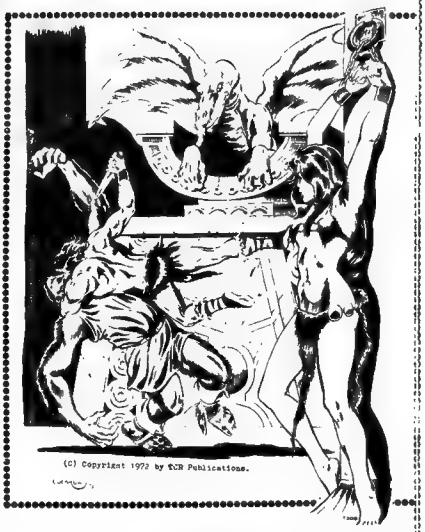
CONVENTION REPORT:

CREATION II - nov. 24-26

Doug Murray presents Bill Gaines with an award for being the son of M.C. Gaines.

Lester Dent: The Man Behind The Man

BY [illegible] PINAHA



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AND

JACH SPAKE

JEFFREY H. WASSERMAN

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Breakdown

DOUG MOENCH

SHALLA BAL remains silent, avoiding the SHEPER's stare. A rear door opens and in walks the BLACK RACER in a somewhat similar state of undress.

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44 PGS

Duffy's Tavern

DUFFY VOHLAND, PROPRIETOR

Once Upon A Hallowe'en!

For a weekend, then, Rutland was a "comic book nation". Well over 600 strong we gathered to party and salute, in our own way, the comic book industry. There were fans and pros, known and unknowns, freaks and hacks and, yes, even the establishment, one of whom had a hard time convincing people she wasn't "Pearl Buck". (Thanks for being there and lending us a needed hand, Elizabeth.)

PHOTOS BY TOM FAGAN
BY NICK MARINO

TCR Publications, 393 East 58th Street, B'klyn, N.Y. 11203

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The Fabulous Lost And/ Or Other Worlds

BY PAUL BRIGGS

The theme of this column of review will this time concern itself with those lost or other worlds through which assorted barbarians and warrior-scientists are always hacking their way. There seems to be a peculiar fascination for this type of fantasy adventure, and the great number of works written around this idea will testify to that. So we have assembled, in review-form, of course, a few of the more interesting books on this theme - though whether they are good or bad will be dealt with in turn...

FALCONS OF NARABEDLA, by Marion Zimmer Bradley, Ace Double (with The Dark Intruder, also by Bradley), 95¢.

This is one of Ace's 95¢ reissues of their originally 35¢ or 40¢ Doubles. The novel we are concerned with, FALCONS OF NARABEDLA, would hardly be worth 35¢, let alone 95¢. Another one of those earthman-of-the present-in-the-distant-and-barbaric-future novels, it is tame on all levels. There is really an astounding lack of imagination in this novel: there is nothing unique and there is nothing exciting, except perhaps for the idea of robot-falcons controlled by human minds, but I get the feeling it's been done before, and the worst of it is that it's not handled intelligently. The novel is fast-paced: simple and easy to read, but the plot itself is simple, too simple, and its development is simple, too simple, and the effect as a whole is unpleasantly unexciting.

THE DREAMING CITY, by Michael Moorcock, Lancer, 95¢. This is one of two new novels (the other being The Sleeping Sorceress) which Mr. Moorcock wrote to fill out the saga of ELRIC, the warrior-king in his strange, magical world, and it details those events which lead to his discovery of his mystical sword Stormbringer. An interesting idea, writing "prequels" to other novels, but if The Sleeping Sorceress is as bad as the first of these novels, readers may regret the curiosity which led them to waste their money on said books.

The novel (if you will forgive me), like its albino hero ELRIC, is anemic. There is no "color", no style, and there are few occurrences within the novel of any real interest to a veteran heroic fantasy fan. Everything is incredibly low key, from the half-hearted heroics to the philosophy Mr. Moorcock gives ELRIC (who should know really better) which "causes" him to allow his evil cousin Yrkoon to live- the better to start trouble in the next novel, presumably. And let's not forget the novel's main characters: they are as feebly presented as the many so-called "exciting" events in which they find themselves.

THE DREAMING CITY is a clumsily written, often silly fantasy adventure: inept, badly handled and coated with a mood of lethargy (intentional or unintentional?) you could choke on.

THE RETURN OF JONGOR, by Robert Moore Williams, Popular Library, 60¢. I know that this is the second in the series, but I preferred the Frazetta cover on this one to the cover on the first, Jongor of Lost Land, though I expect to get around to it someday. But for the present we have THE RETURN OF JONGOR. JONGOR, for John Gordon, is another one of those TARZAN imitations to be found in the pulps; this novel was originally written in 1946 and presumably was revised by Mr. Williams in 1970 when Popular Library reprinted it with the aforementioned Frazetta cover. JONGOR's lost land is somewhere in Australia (at least that's something new), and his adventures there aren't as bad as you'd think. The ever present White Explorers are there, of course, for JONGOR to rescue, and he does manage to do this in some interesting ways. Of particular interest is one of JONGOR's fights with the savages of Lost Land; he comes at them on the back of his domesticated (?) brontosaurus, firing numerous arrows into their flesh. Great! And JONGOR's fight with some ERB-type beast-men is nicely done.

But, unfortunately, things bog down in the second half of the novel, which involves JONGOR and his friends with a race of intelligent centaurs (if the centaurs had been

unintelligent it might have gained some originality; after all, when was the last time you read of an uniptelligent centaur?). From here the storyline is painfully familiar and painfully handled: long winded speeches by the centaur queen who senses the coming down of her race, the inevitable earthquake which occurs at the end of the novel, and the silly reverence for the end of a "great" race whose culture is neither fully nor sensitively sketched for us by Mr. Williams. This half of the novel has little inventiveness and is very disappointing. Mr. Williams should definitely have thrown in another brontosaurus!

ZANTHAR AT MOON'S MADNESS, by Robertt Moore Williams, Lancer, 60¢. Unlike The Return of Jongor, this novel was not written in the 1940's, but in 1968. I find that hard to believe: this is a superb example of the worst type of pulp writing. I can't believe that this novel was intended for publication as is; Mr. Williams must have died before he could revise it, though how he revised The Return of Jongor two years later is beyond me.

ZANTHAR is an earth scientist, earth's greatest, mind you, and he stumbles upon a lost race of highly militant Amazons on the moon. HO hum. How true. But I wouldn't mind an old plot if it were treated in a new and interesting manner. Yet the monstrously amateurish way in which this plot is handled has to be seen to be believed. Dialogue, characterization and plotting are on the embarrassing level of a seventh grade english class. What little humor Mr. Williams injects is as pathetic as the feeble attempt at social comment. There are easier ways of killing a novel--such as not writing it in the first place.

PHOENIX PRIME, by Ted White, Lancer, 75¢. This is a smooth, austere, realistic look at the adventures of a superman, one Max Quest, on the berbaric world of Qar. Though his adventures on Qar are smoothly, vividly handled, in the end they are rather lifeless and dreary. White tries for realism, avoiding the ERB-type fantasy of other worlds, but the simple material of which QUEST's adventures are composed comes off very feebly under such treatment. Yet his adventures on Qar are tolerably entertaining, if not overly colorful, and for that portion of the book that deals with these adventures it is worth a look. But, you see, at the beginning and end of the novel, QUEST is on earth where he battles the Others (fellow supermen) who send him to Qar. The odd powers of QUEST are neatly and imaginatively introduced in the beginning, and therefore this portion is also worth a look, but the wrap-up at the end is too abrupt, too pat to be enjoyable; the Others are done away with in a manner not worthy of the atmosphere of menace Whites created around them. Most disappointing and upsetting.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE, by H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang, Ballantine, $1.25. Another one of those hideously expensive Ballantine Adult Fantasy books, THE WORLD'S DESIRE, originally published in 1890, is a sequel to Homer's "Odyssey". An ambitious project, writing a sequel to the incalculably renowned classic of Homer, but, as Lin Carter's introduction to the novel informs us, Haggard and Lang were by no means the only ones ever to attempt such a thing.

Haggard and Lang skillfully describe for us in their novel the civilization of ancient Egypt and the awesome, mystical adventures of Odysseus as he seeks the fabulous Helen of Troy. The prose in the novel is told in a style both poetic and archaic, keeping in mind its obvious debt to The Odyssey. Yet, for all this, THE WORLD'S DESIRE is not the spectacular adventure fantasy it should be. For all the lush inventiveness of Haggard and Lang, the story is slow and muddled, though the authors do try hard. And they try their hardest when manipulating the psychological conflict of the main characters--and this conflict, though as slow as the main storyline and, in fact, is the cause of it being slow--is fascinating in a very haunting way.

THIEF OF LLARN, by Gardner F. Fox, Ace, 40¢(!!!!). This is Gardner Fox's sequel to Warrior of Llarn, the first of these ERB-type adventures. Alan Morgan, the hero, is an earthman who has done fairly well for himself on the planet Llarn. He has married the daughter of the dagan of the great city Kharthol and has earned the reputation of a great swordsman- and is possibly the greatest. Now he must become the greatest thief of Llarn, Uthian the Unmatched, in order to save his wife from the ages-old scientist-mind force.... Very John Carterish and very good.

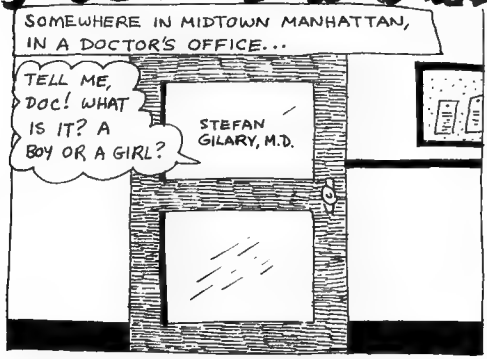
Fox imitates Burroughs perfectly, from style to plotting, though somehow ALAN MORGAN'S "brilliant" escapes from death are often too easy to be believed and lack the magical inventiveness of Burroughs. Yet Fox has his own brand of inventiveness for us to consider, and certainly it is to be found in this novel.

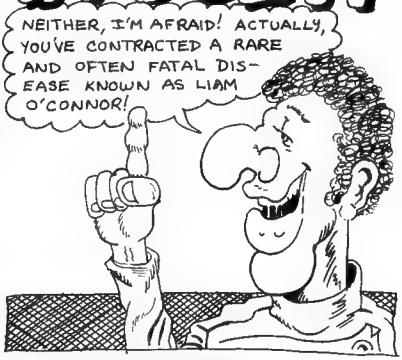
"MEA CULPA, MEA CULPA, MEA MAXIMA CULPA"*

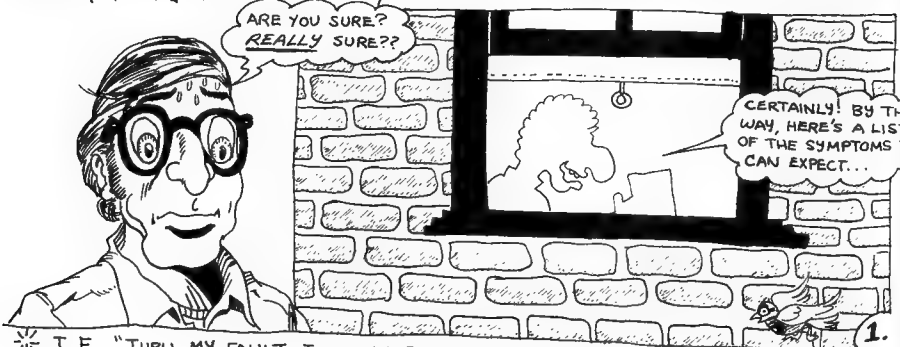
PLOT, SCRIPT BY LIAM O'CONNOR.

PENCILS DONE BY ED MANLEY.

INKS DONE BY CARL GAFFORD.







* I.E., "THRU MY FAULT, THRU MY FAULT, THRU MY MOST GRIEVOUS FAULT!"

BROKEN NOSE, ARMS, LEGS...
GULP!
OH, NO...
DECAPITATED HEAD, FEET, EARS....
IT CAN'T BE.
SQUASHED EYEBALLS, TOE-NAILS, BELLY BUTTON...
IT JUST CAN'T BE...
SMASHED UP..? ER... MR. KUPPERBERG?
MR. KUPPERBERG?? WHERE ARE YOU?
COME NOW, MR. KUPPERBERG... YOU NEEDN'T BE AS DRAMATIC AS ALL THAT!
WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU, DOC!
BUT WAIT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING... SO I KNOW WHERE TO SEND THE BILL!
TO CANADA! TO BECOME A LIAM DODGER WITH THE HOPE OF POSSIBLE AMNESTY! SAY GOODBYE TO CHEE-CHEE AND LEVITZ FOR ME, WILLYA?
LIAM
U.S.→
CANADA←
THE END

i.e.-

It appears that Etcetera number one was a winner.

This conclusion comes from three things. First, I recieved many (although not as many as I'd have liked to get) letters saying that they liked Etcetera (see the letters column). Secondly, the print run of the first issue was originally 1,000 but about a month after it came out, we had to put it into a second printing of 500! That's not at all bad for a first issue.

The third reason is the best one. We started out with Etcetera as a quarterly magazine. Well, it did so well so fast that it was decided to make the book bi-monthly starting with this issue.

Before I start with this issue, let me make a few corrections and additions to last issue.

First, the photo on page 37 (the Creation Convention Report) of the ACBA panel (bottom right hand corner) contained a panel member I couldn't identify. It's a bit late, but the second guy from the left, between Mike Kaluta and Howie Chaykin, is Jim Starlin. My sincere apologies, Jim.

LORD OF HIS DOMAIN, by Ron Bennett, was an article reprinted from the English fanzine, Comic Media number one. In the last minute rush of pasting up the issue I neglected to add the information stating where the article was from.

So much for that. Now on to the second issue. To start off, this issue's cover is by Billy Graham. Billy sent it along as a contribution and I felt it was really a beautiful piece of art that deserved to be seen. So, here it is and thanks very much, Billy.

In case you haven't noticed, The Wandering Fan by Tony Isabella and Duffy's Tavern by Duffy Vohland are missing from this issue. Duffy's Tavern will return next issue, but for now, Duffy is involved with his work with Dan Adkins in preparation for working for Marvel, and, on top of that, Duffy had to take time out from work and return home to deal with some family problems. So, for this issue he couldn't make the dead line.

The Wandering Fan, however, will no longer be appearing in Etcetera. Tony no longer has the time to write for Etcetera. His duties for Marvel take up far to much of his time to allow him time for fan work. A shame but it can't be helped.

The two page strip in the center two pages of the issue came about when I accidentally mispelled Liam O'Connor's last name on the NEW AND RECOMMENDED column last issue. If you know Liam, it's a lot easier to appriciate the strip. However, even if you don't know him, I hope that you enjoy it. Incidentally, Liam wrote the strip and it was illustrated by Ed Lanley, with inks and lettering by Carl (the Gaff) Gafford.

The issue's convention report on The 1973 Star Trek Convention was written by Robert McWalters, who will probably be handling the convention reports in Etcetera from now on.

When I originally wrote the report on WARP, I had no idea that it would close so soon, so the R.I.P. WARP was added at virtually the last minute. It's a shame that it had to close so soon before the fans had a chance to see it.

The BATMAN illustration on the back cover by John L. Byrne was contributed by Roger Stern (better known as Sterno to his friends). Byrne is a Canadian fan, according to Sterno. At any rate, thanks for the illo, Sterno.

Upcoming features will include a column by Wolfgang Fuchs, a German comic fan and co-author of Comics: Anatomy of A Mass Media (see this issue's NEW AND RECOMMENDED section for more information on this fine book), more from Nick Landau in England, more of The Great Conan Imitators by Paul Briggs and more of the regular features like BREAKDOWN, JACH SPAKE, FANDOM FORUM, NEW AND RECOMMENDED and all the rest.

Once again, thanks go to the members of that dreaded group known as the Brooklyn Barbarians who'll have to suffer throughcollating 1000 copies of this issue.

That's it then, people, and don't forget to write!

IDEAS!

This may be a little premature, but ideas for #100 of Etcetera are now being accepted!!!! You better hurry, 'cause there's only 13 years to go!

SUFFERIN' SUCCOTASH--- IT'S

Mel Blanc!

BY PAUL HUGLI

On November 8th of last year, the "wonder voice" visited the campus of California State University at Long Beach. It was Mel Blanc, the voice of Bugs Bunny, Barney Rubble (from the Flintstones),Jack Benny's carand over 400 other voices and sound effects.

Mel told the audience a little about his career as a voice. It all started in Portland, Oregon at radio station KGW. This was 1927 and less than a decade away from his work at Warner Brothers. He was all the voices on a program called The Keep Growing Wiser Hootowis because the station was too cheap to hire more people.

He started at $30 a week or 11½ hours of work and worked his way up. In 1935 he got $25 for a few minutes work. He never told the audience how much he now gets paid, but he did make mention that he was paid $54 for saying "for a piggy back refil"...which made him $40,000 on residuals. He told us that commercials are very profitable and recommended that people go into them if it was at all possible.

Mel Blanc has worked on everything from 'Fibber McGee and Molly' to Burns and Allen. Mel's first cartoon job came in 1937 when he did the voice of a drunken bull.

At Warner Brothers he perfected the stutter of Porky Pig, the Bronx 'n' Brooklyn voice of Bugs Bunny plus many others.

Mr. Blanc claims that it was he who created the name for Bugs Bunny and the line, "What's up, Doc?". (But this isn't necessarily true, for everyone claims to have created that line. Even Bob Clampett lays such a claim, saying that the line was originally, "What's up, Bub?").

Yosemite Sam proved to be the hardest voice to do because of its bold and slippery tone, according to Mr. Blanc.

He decided on the Charles Boyer voice for Chuck Jones' Pepe Le Pew. The voice for Foghorn Leghorn, the big rooster, was taken from a voice from Allen's Alley named Senator Leghorn.

Aside from doing voices, Mr. Blanc has appeared with Jack Benny on radio. He provided the sound effects of a bank-vault door, a bear, and others. Several years later, on Benny's tv show, Mel would do the sounds for anything from a goldfish to a parrot to Benny's Maxwell automobile.

Mel then talked on how the voices and music are recorded before actual animation is done and other aspects of his work.

The talk lasted approximately 45 minutes, but, despite its shortness in length, it was very interesting, and very informative.

"--th---th---th---that's all folks!"

It's going to be the biggest one yet! There will be more great guests, more exhibits, more special activities, more favorite films, more comic books, more nostalgia — more of everything that has made the Comic Art Convention the spectacle and the wonder of them all!

Don't miss this one. Be there to see it all, taste it all, experience it all. Set up your vacation plans around it, and make New York in 1973 *your* place to be.

Plans will continue to be made right up to Convention time, but there are a few solid items which can be announced in advance.

Guest of Honor will be C.C. Beck, artist of the once and future *Captain Marvel*. C.C. Beck was the witty stylist behind one of the greatest comic characters ever; and to all our delight, he is again.

Mac Raboy was the brilliant talent behind the *Green Lama, Captain Marvel, Jr.*, and at the end of his life, Flash Gordon. In the two years since his death, an exhibit has been assembled of his artwork. This retrospective show will be one of the Convention highlights.

Bill Gaines and the *Mad* gang will make a convivial appearance to discuss and promote Bill's new book recently published...

One of the panels scheduled will be called "The Treatment of War in Comic Books", and special guest panelist will be

MORE INFO ON PG. 35

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..AND DON'T FORGET TO LOOK FOR THE NEW ISSUE OF SKULL, AVAILABLE SOON! SKULL #3 IS EVEN MORE HORRIBLE THAN SKULL #2!
SKULL COMICS #3
YOU OUT OF YOUR SKULL

Above: An ad drawn by Irons for SKULL COMIX #3 put out by Last Gasp.

PIECING THE UNDER-GROUNDS

BY BOB PINAHA

Now hold on! If you think this article deals with the contents of an average underground comic, you're wrong! No. By now, all, or most anyway, of comics fandom has seen the flood of undergrounds now sweeping the market and, undoubtedly, you have formed your own opinions.

But wait a minute. Have you ever wondered what work went into putting together that favorite issue of "ZAP" or what lack of work caused you to throw the recent issue of yet another underground into the garbage pail?

Well, I have. And I've done something about it. I contacted all of the major underground comic companies (Print Mint, Last Gasp Eco-Funnies, Rip-Off Press, Apex Novelties, and the San Francisco Comic Book Co.) in a quest for information on what goes into the production of an underground comic.

The information I requested from these companies was divided into specific categories based on what I thought you readers would most want to know. The categories are: How stories and art are conceived; How undergrounds are printed; Number of copies printed; Circulation; Profits and salaries; and, Censorship.

Of all the requests sent out to these companies I recieved only two answers. One from K. Green of the San Francisco Comic Book Company, and the other from underground artist/writer Bill Griffith. This article is largely based upon their answers.

How Stories and Art Are Conceived: The overwhelming majority of underground cartoonists write their own plot and stories as the undergrounds continue to be largely an individual expression. However, lately the "Air Pirates", among others, have gone into a studio system somewhat similar to the way that aboveground publishers work, with several people collaborating on script, layout, drawing and inking, but this is the exception rather than the rule. Things are beginning to get to the point where editors of a concept type of book like "Young Lust" will commission artists to do a story, but, again, what the artist does and what he turns in is pretty much up to him.

How the Undergrounds Are Printed: It seems that the covers are printed in one place while the insides (referred to as "guts" throughout the rest of the article) are printed in another. The comics are printed by five basic printers (Rip-Off

Press, Print Mint, Company and Sons, Krupp Comic Works, and Last Gasp) who run their own print shop with one or more presses capable of printing covers. (Smaller publishers print the covers one at a time, one color at a time while the larger publishers print up to four covers on one sheet of stock with up to two colors at a time.)

Assuming that you had worked up a comic book with your friends and associates, these are the steps that you would go through: first of all, the artwork would of course have to be all black and white line (no half tone) and of the right proportions. Color separations would have to be prepared for the cover. The artwork would be photographed (reduced to finished size), and the negatives stripped into a layout flat so they are in the right position for printing. Then you'd take the guts negatives to the guts printer and the cover negatives to the cover printer and, assuming you had done everything correctly, in due course you'd have boxes of covers and boxes of guts. Then these would go to the bindery as outlined above and so forth.

Number of Copies Printed: The smallest feasible number of copies to print of any comic with a large circulation would be five thousand, and even then your cost-per--copy would be rather high. Bigger publishers generally run an initial run of 20,000 on a book that they know pretty well is going to sell. Smaller publishers, or people who are bringing out a book of a more experimental type (or guys without much money) would do from five to ten thousand copies. And some, like "Young Lust", "Zap" and various Crumb books, go into a first print run of 100,000 or more.

Circulation: All the big publishers (Print Mint, Last Gasp, Rip-Off, etc.) handle their own national disribution, selling either directly to retail outlets or in larger quantities to the wholesalers, who then sell copies to retail outlets.

The smaller publishers (such as Apex novelties, San Francisco Comic Book Co., etc.) usually try to have their titles handled by one of the larger publishers. For instance, S.F. Comic titles are distributed nationally by Rip-Off Press and locally (on the west coast) by Last Gasp. Consequently, big nation-wide distributors are not involved.

Profits and Salaries: Actually, when it comes to profits, there is not too much of this type of information anyone would be interested in releasing to the public, no more than the aboveground publishers would be willing to do. It's just not a sound business practice to reveal too many of the details. But, in the words of Bill Griffith when asked about profits, "Enough to keep everyone going."

However, on the average, an artist gets about $25 a page per 20,000 copies printed for his finished artwork - some pay higher, and some pay lower though. Y'see, when you go into business for yourself, you make some money ultimately but it takes a hell of a lot of patience, faith, and figuring before you do. A very popular artist such as Robert Crumb may make quite a good living, with royalties, tee shirts, novelties, posters, etc. all going for him. But, most underground cartoonists, even quite famous ones, make pretty poor livings and usually have to do some other kinds of hustles to keep from starving.

On the subject of salaries too, there is a rumor going on which I have not been able to verify one way or another, that an artist represented in a book makes a nickel profit for himself on each book that is sold as long as that book is still being circulated, no matter how many print runs that book goes into.

Censorship: Censorship is almost nonexistant, except, as K. Greene says, "...some local D.A. or other nitpicking politician is out to gain publicity. When a case is prepared against a store or a publisher, it is usually continued as long as possible by the court, which is an effective and probably unconstitutional method of keeping the book off the stands; but in the end, we win. Morally if not financially."

And there you have it. That's the way undergrounds are produced, which, surprisingly, is very much similar to the way aboveground comics and most high print run fanzines are produced.

P.S. Letters of comment on this article can be mailed to either Etcetera itself or to me, BoB (note the spelling) Pinaha at 24 Patton Drive, Sayreville, New Jersey 08872. And while you're at it, why not also drop me a line as to what you'd like to read in this space and I'll try to plan future articles around your suggestions. Thank you.

Breakdown

DOUG MOENCH

Eyes squeezed shut-accordion locking it all behind the lids, shielding us from the vicarious assimilation, B.B. King is wailing and bawling the thrill is gone.

And me, I'm biting my tongue and agreeing.

The individual fiction (prose) and article pieces luxuriate in manila envelopes (unsealed) totaling their total. But on my desk, split from the typewriter by me, built upon a foundation of luxuriating prose there towers a precarious stack of ten bloated, 12 x 15 envelopes containing about nine each, 91 comic scripts. From the first, SNOW JOB, to the latest, DESECRATION.

The story of my life. In carbon. And a few rejections...

The thrill may be gone but I'm happy. And that's what's sad.

((Since the comic scripts do preside physically over the prose I wish I could say---for you reading this---that the script placement constitutes (even) an (subconscious) exterior decorative evaluation of the respective merits between prose and scripts relative to attitudes. But I can't; the scripts are on top for a simple reason of expedience---I currently write more comics than prose, and necessarily require more frequent access to the comic envelopes. However, should I once again revert to an equal output of prose and script, there will undoubtedly (space permitting) rest two stacks of envelopes on my desk, one for each. I take <u>both</u> seriously.))

It started out for what it was and didn't, for a while, lose sight of identity, splintering off to speciously exigous aspirations and satisfactions.

An analogy: When I was fat and funny looking, I wanted girls. So I lost 78 pounds, grew my hair, ignored frequent vilifications that I was now skinny and funny looking, and scarfed up on all the girls I could, virtually drowning in withering seas of distaff flesh. And suddenly the thrill was gone. Oh, it was still nice...but it wasn't what it had been cracked up to be in my lasciviously fecund mind. So, I took one girl (Brenda), dragged her off to the side, gasping for breath, and gave her me. I no longer took many; instead I gave only one and that one was me. The thrill was back, different from my first multi-faceted thrill, but more intense and wearing a multitude more faces. I guess they call it misplaced priorities. Whatever, proper perspective of proper priority has been attained and B.B. stays out of that sector of my life. There's only room for two of us...

Another analogy: When I was young and poor I wanted a lot of clothes and a lot of records and a lot of books and (at one point) most of all a lot of comic books. So I went to work and earned some money. I exchanged the money for clothes and more clothes. I began wearing the clothes down to work to earn some more money so I could buy more clothes and all I did was succeed in getting them dirty and frayed. So I quit wearing them to work. Instead, I wore them pursuing my favorite avocation----asking girls if they'd like to come up and listen to some records. Most of them did, but I still hadn't rectified my first misplaced priority so I was still hung up on getting a lot of girls. Consequently, I rarely saw each one more than once or a few times at most. So what good did all the clothes do if each girl saw only one set? And when I settled down with one girl she really didn't care if all I wore was one set. So now I'm comfortable, if a little fashion-retarded.

A third analogy: What, may you ask, did I use for background while making my pitch? If you were paying attention during the progress of the previous analogy, you'll know that I also wanted a lot of records when I was young and poor. (Let me amend that: younger and poorer.) But this one has an extenuating ramification to consider. Besides providing romantic backdrop concurrently masking stutters and other variegated voice deficiencies while hurtling my pitch to the body with blond hair of the moment, I honestly <u>enjoyed</u> listening to records. So I accumulated and accrued and acquired and purchased and soon there was a copious panoply of still-burgeoning complete Beatles, complete Stones, complete Traffic, complete Yardbirds, Kinks, Animals,

Hendrix, Small Faces, Cream, with British imports at $7.95 and even singles and the records were spilling on the floor with the six cats and kittens sharpening their claws on them, I bought more and more and I quit reading the liner notes because I could now anticipate and I didn't need to be sold anyway with the record and saleslip right there next to the stereo and there was Shankar and jazz and even some American groups like the Byrds and Buffalo Springfield and blues and I said Hey...wait a minute! I didn't even have the bloody time to hear all these things. There are records here with whole sides I haven't even listened to. Others played only while I've been in the shower with my ears foaming soap and I've forgotten (let alone neglected) the ones that were once favorites. It takes me three hours every month to put all the records played during the past 30 days back into their covers and I can't even listen to anything then because there are these kaleidoscopes of Atco and Capital and Reprise swimming around and where's the jacket to Pink Floyd? Besides, there was FM radio all of a sudden. So I still buy records, but I don't know what's on all of them now.

And the analogy you've been waiting (and wading) for: Comic books formed an integral part of my life. The thrill may be gone (we'll get to that) but now they comprise two or three integral parts of my life---maybe even four. But then I didn't know what it was about them, redolent with their four-color, greasy vivid-off-the-presses scent crispness, mint condition copy from the middle of the bale where the wires hadn't crimped the cover and the distributor's truck is just pulling away because I always knew (could sense) when a particular store received its magical delivery. By the way, that smell still intoxicates me. The hide-and-go-seek game of mining for gems cached in the squeakily revolving racks. Look there; here's SPIDERMAN, and there's DETECTIVE on the next rack but I won't pick that up just yet because I have to finish methodically scrutinizing this rack first so I don't miss anything. And see, I was right because here's the new FLASH...

A great day was selecting ten or eleven slick-new comics and maybe a CREEPY or CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN to carry to the counter, always bugging old Pop for a bag before he handed you the change. You never looked inside at any of the comics until you got home and, comfortably situated in your room with an ice-cubed coke and three hours stretching ahead to dinner, you would slowly, savoringly, read every word of every panel, saving the letter columns for last regardless of their situation within the comic, letting your eyes trace the artist's lines of specifically fine panels, wishing you could do that.

Comics were a way of life. The new SPIDERMAN or GREEN LANTERN was an event tantamount to Christmas. The days were so much longer then; one never realized (or especially cared) that another issue of SPIDERMAN----essentially the same old plot and art to boot----would be on sale in a mere 30 days. 30 days was an infinity. Fascination and bubbling wonder was 10 cents and then 12. Catharsis was SPIDEY finally belting the villain for a loop after taking 19 pages of crap.

And the fanzines, god, the fanzines. Alter-Ego--the mailman every day off school greeted by you, running home six blocks during a thirty minute lunch period just to check the mail because you couldn't wait another three hours for school to end. Then offset. Incredible.

Letters from pros. Pros, real live pros taking time to write to you. Russ Manning sending you an original piece of art! Cripes, the thing had his fingerprints on it. He'd touched that very board and had drawn those lines. A pro.

Maybe someday you'd even meet a pro, interview him for a fanzine and everyone'd be jealous because you'd met him and talked to him and there was your name in print as a byline on an interview with him. Your name in lights in Alter-Ego or Graphic Story Magazine. Hollywood all over again and the tinsel was never more garish and gauche. The pros, the men who produced your dreams.

Being a pro was unheard of, undreamed, unattainable.

Today, while still enjoyable, the new SPIDERMAN is about as exciting as a mosquito bite. The thrill is gone. Oh, I still experience sporadic flashes of deja vu. Nostalgia wadded in an ephemeral jolt of gosh-wow. But it's not a catharsis when SPIDEY clouts that same old villain after 19 pages of being the recipient of shit. Now it's: Hmph, Conway should've either left that panel silent or worked more closely with Romita on the pacing of this penultimate sequence to facilitate more impact in the denouement.

I don't read comics any more.

I analyze them. Despite myself. I find myself extrapolating the esoteric mechanics and techniques of producing a particular story, speculating the problems encountered, pondering what led to their solution or why no solution was reached, imagining how I would have written a certain plot.

Once there were 15 issues of SPIDERMAN and you knew what went on in each and every one of them right down to carrying catalogued images of individual panels in your mind, images that you could conjure at will. But now who the hell can keep track of 120 issues of one title alone? Saturation. The dime-a-dozen syndrome. A 400-comic collection of revered items has exploded into two closets full of pulp spilling over into itself.

The unattainable and undreamed of has become reality and I wished I'd dreamed of it more often back when. Christ, Maroto---the best man in the comics, has ilustrated three of my stories. Three!! Reed Crandall's done one. Garcia. Corben. Russ Heath. Felix Mas. Ken Barr. Jose Bea. Auraleon. Toth almost got one. Wrightson's supposedly working on one. Gual. Jack Sparling. Tom Sutton. Torrents. Doug Wildey. Frank Bolle. Cockrum and a vastly improved Dubay, both from fanzine days. Colon. Garzon. Grandanetti. And more, so many more, right on down the line of the best, illustrating my stories.

Ten envelopes containing 91 scripts, some 85 of them sold----to Warren, to Skywald, to National, to undergrounds, to a newspaper, to FLING men's magazine, to BLAST!, to pro outfits all...

What's left? Where's the thrill after the ultimate thrill? Where's the thrill in repeating past performance?

Yesterday, I wrote number 91. It is called DESECRATION, and it hasn't even been submitted yet. It was a good idea, not the usual plot at all, a comic strip within a comic strip, maybe a gimmick, but a legitimate one and the kind of story I'd like to have savored back with my ice-cubed coke in my room with the rent paid by Mom and Dad. There were a number of difficult spots, endangered by the offbeat idea and the non-existence of comparable precedents. The script would flow then bog and I'd sit there dividing the typewriter and the envelopes of past endeavors, the carbons of my life in stories. I'd sit there and think, ponder. Then the flash; yeah, that's the way to do it, to circumvent the problem, to make the script flow and if the artist puts out, to goggle the reader's eye. The finger (just one) flies across the keys again in the peculiar percussion of creation catapulted by fervid inspiration. Each impasse is conquered in turn and each is a catharsis pyramiding toward the word END after the final panel on the last page.

And it was a thrill. Just like the insatiable appetite for girls, for records, for books, for comics, for clothes, this thrill has transmogrified from a misplaced, disillusioned priority to an article of the genuine stripe. It was there all along, of course, hiding behind the self-deceit of false thrills, cheap and avaricious. The dope's all been smoked----two years ago---- and it'll never be lit again. The real thrill began two years ago with my first script, and it'll never end.

Think I'll go over to the stereo and give B.B. a rest so I can go read the new SPIDERMAN.

CON REPORT CONT.

networks. It's about the adventures of William Sebastian, Dr. Hamm and Cyon (part man, part weretiger) as they travel the world battling vampires, man-made monsters, black magic and the like. The network that bought the idea and the script decided not to go ahead with it. "Too frightening for tv," they said. But now it's being eyed with great interest by the other two major networks and Warner Brothers has gone even further by giving Roddenberry the go ahead to expand it into a possible future theatrical movie. To quote Roddenberry, "Just as I felt I'd like to take a crack at science fiction, I've felt much the same way about the supernatural. Just as STAR TREK was my attempt to bring interesting science fiction to the tube, SPECTRE is my attempt to bring the classic horror story to television."

So ended the second INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION. If they have one next year (which is more than a remote possibility) I hope they have the same guests from this year, plus Gene Roddenberry and Leonard Nimoy, plus William Shatner, plus DeForest Kelly, plus...well, you get the idea.

NOTE: The photograph on page 4 is of Heidi Saha in her costume for the costume parade from THE GAMESTERS OF TRISKELION episode of STAR TREK.

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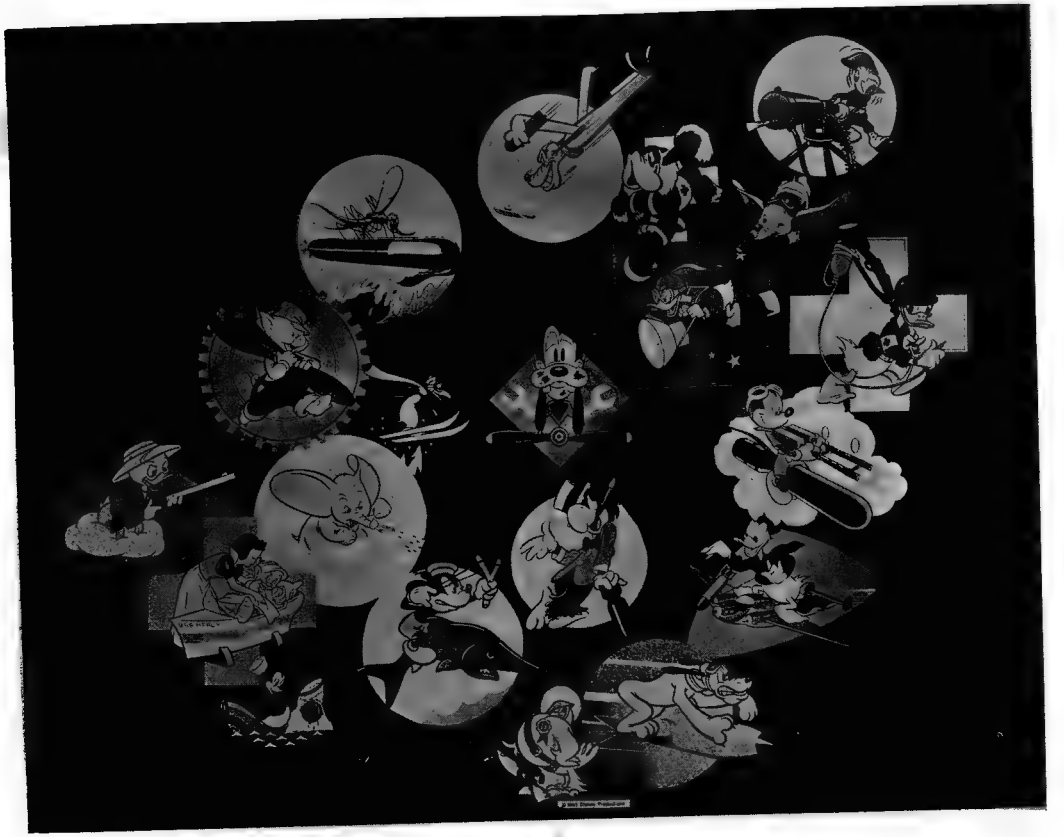

Courtesy of Walt Disney Productions

LEFT: A few examples of some of the insignias used by the Armed Forces.

Death-Destruction! Deliverance-Democracy!

(SERIOUS BUSINESS FOR FUNNY ANIMALS)

BY TOM FAGAN

You're a kid. Without warning your world has been wrenched out from under your trusting feet. No, you didn't stumble....you didn't fall.

The truth? You're being railroaded into manhood. A gun in the hand; a kick in the ass - and you're on your way. Shape up or chicken out. Even that choice isn't yours any more!

What happened to yesterdays? Where are the chicks, the jalopies and the malts at "Jack's Sundae Shop"? Was everything a Henry Aldrich candy-cane confectionary daydream?

Days ago, you weren't old enough to drive dad's Lincoln Zephyer. Cripes, your mom was waiting if you got home after midnight. You were the terror of the high school corridors, but you couldn't get to first base with your girl!

Now they expect you to handle a tank...take charge of an antiaircraft crusade...mend a blasted bridge within minutes...know how to pop a pillbox...in short, be a hero, "On Land, In The Air and On The Sea FOR VICTORY!"

You hate being Government Issue.. a set of dogtags and serial numbers for identification. Otherwise, you're an olive drab or navy blue non-entity. You curse your drill instructor, muttering 'fuck him!!.. 30 years later it would be 'frag him!' But, it's the 40's and you take the proffered beer from a buddy in the same easy manner as 30 years hence soul brothers will toke a joint.

You're a fighting man. At least that's what you're told. And while you're being whipped into a stereotyped mold...YOU battle back. Sure you're willing to take on the Fuehrer single-handed, unhorse the grinning jackanapes from Japan, and dump all over Dictator Benito.

However, like the paraphernalia of Fibber McGee's closet, the protocol of the Military is suffocating.. dull and unimaginative. You want symbols of vengeance, prowess and just "don't-give-a-goddamns" as your fighting insignia.

If you're going to buy it, you'll do it your own way...with the things that are familiar to you. Not with what some fart in the upper echelons says is right and proper. The days of Eddie Rickenbacker's "Hat In The Ring" symbol are long gone. The Flying Circus has closed its flaps and flown away a generation before.

You half remember Sunday School, Synagogue or Catechism and recall the Testament-smug statement, "When I Was A Child I Spake As A Child... When I Became A Man I Put Away Childish Things."

But better yet you remember other things...not so solemn; not so stifling; not so stercoricolous!

Fragmentary flashes!!!! Mickey Mouse....prancing as "steamboat Willie" or airborne ready to battle "The Bat Bandit". A bellicose Donald, thumb to beak...whose squawking was four-letter perfection. Pluto ready to defend both. Goofy, simple as they come, yet whatever the odds, never one to run. The ever-vigilant Bulldog and not-to-be stopped Bumblebee. Chaste Clarabelle Cow. Wow! Owl, Thumper, Flower, Cricket, Cat, Bug, Wolf, Piglet...and Ia! Even Dwarf, Witch and Mermaid!

The procession endless. Pelicans delivering mail; Elephant on a just rampage; conniving Coachman; dancing Hippopotami, pick-pocketing cats, gladsome goldfish, lowly worms with a penchant for turns...the sweet; the sinister---the noble and the base; the blessed and the damned, the wonderful, the weird; the feared...

THE...

Things you read on a rainy day at home, sneaked a peek at in school, ran down to the movie-house to see, listened to on records, traded

comics about back and forth in endless succession, drew your own pictures of...

The familiar which you regather as your own in self defense and declare you want them as fighting tokens. Mascots of Mayhem. Fighting Fetishes. If this was Your War, by Uncle Sam and Walt Disney, you'll be emblematic on your own.

The High Command looked the other way (or were they only pretending to do so!) and somebody wrote a letter to the Disney studios in California. Most probably it was rather nebulous, only a vague suggestion of an idea...we want something to identify us, show what we do and can do, what our outfit is that makes us separate and apart, different and riding high but still a part,an integral part of the overall picture---of AMERICA!

One wonders at the reception of the first letter like this arriving at the Disney Studio. Was it considered a historic request? Probably not. Comic artists were never congratulated or admired for their art particularly by their employers. At least not openly; that would have meant more pay.

Yet somebody was inspired by the first letter. At a drawing board some artist seated himself. The mosquito sketched into being wasn't after humans as nature decreed he should be. Instead, he was astride a torpedo, launched at its 60-mph capacity, and ready to draw blood. This was the first Disney insignia and it was adopted as the custom-made signature of the so-called U.S. Mosquito Fleet...made up of swift deadly P.T. boats, little in size but huge in the respect of the enemy.

It was the first drawing but it was not to be the last by any means. The first hurdle---Approval by the War Department---was cleared. Who could have foreseen the reaction that was to follow?

Hey, how about a special insignia for us? Request after request poured in. With graphite pencils, colored inks and honed imaginations, the Disney staff brought each idea into creation. Later the designs would be enlarged and applied proudly on the sides of planes, tanks, ships, transport vehicles, cannons, rockets and other military utilities. Shoulder patches would be embroidered or stenciled onto jackets.

Yes, a new part of a nation's battle lore was being born. Something decidedly World War II in character. Something destined to keep on through the years...to extend on through the Korean Conflict and right on through the Vietnam fiasco. In fact, Disney insignias are still being produced today.

However, back in 1940, no one suspected this would ever happen. The idea behind each and every emblem was to keep the boy's morale high. They did just that and in so doing earned themselves a highly credible war record.

Over 2,000 symbols were created serving as insignia for every branch of service be it combat, support, training, women's units and even Civilian Defense organizations. Among famous organizations that had Disney characters as constant battle companions were the Flying Tigers, Eagle Squadron, China Air Service, the Royal Air Force, the Free French Forces, scores of American air units in training and action, the Alaskan Command, the Seabees, Waves and Wacs.

(Among many designs which were created for the Allied Forces in the Vietnam War, insignia were designed for some of the units of the Special Forces, the 1st Cavalry Division Airmobile, the 2nd Vietnamese Army Division, and the 4th Cavalry.)

Favored above all other Disney characters for insignia selection was Donald Duck. Of the first 1,000 designs created, over 200 featured Donald and the same proportion was true for the next thousand that followed.

Donald, because of his rambunctuous nature, was a natural choice. He was the little guy, personifying a born battler for his rights, a stickler for justice and freedom, and the dignity of the individual, even if he had to secure it in a most undignified manner.

Donald rode bombs and torpedoes, destroyed submarines, cruised the skies in search of the enemy, encouraged trainees, aided the wounded, and slugged it out in any variety of form. He was a familiar figure everywhere in fighting and support operations.

Next on the popularity list was Pluto the Pup as a cagey canine with a nose that sniffed out trouble willingly. Pluto, too, was a versatile and tough fighter. Chosen half as often as Donald, Pluto nevertheless served with a lot of tough outfits.

Strangely enough, little Mickey

Mouse, the most famous of all the Disney characters, placed only third in the servicemen's favor. Mickey's reputation, then and now, was not based on a fighting nature so he was not often thought of as a marauding mascot. Still, the Mouse found his way into the symbolism of many outfits, even though his overall ranking in use was one-fifth that of Donald Duck.

Not only the more audacious of Disney's cartoon characters served wartime hitches. Even timid and allegedly submissive little fellows as Fried Owl, Dumbo The Flying Elephant, Thumper The Rabbit, Flower The Skunk, Jiminy Cricket, the usually harmless Bee and others chalked up an honorable battle scar record from Africa, Italy and the Rhine, to Iwo Jima, the Coral Sea and Japan.

Even Ferdinand The Bull forgot for the duration his delicate ego, and reared up in mighty wrath to snort fire as a mascot figure. Centaurs and unicorns, lions and bears and tigers and crocodiles and other classic beasts of the Disney stables flexed their animated muscles and charged mightily against the foe on fuselage and ship's panels.

Likewise did the cartoon villains such as The Big Bad Wolf, the Witch of Snow White, Peg Leg Pete and others. Not all service units though were predisposed to belligerent symbols. One preferred a languid mermaid to look at...and the Disney artist that came up with the design that made her a honey.

The U.S.S. Jason, a repair ship, chose Happy of the Seven Dwarfs as its insignia. As usual, Happy was joyfully at work and enjoying it, a damaged ship mounted on two sawhorses occupying his attention. Merry as ever, Happy tackled his task... with chisel and hammer in his hands and two .45's slung about his waist!

Examples of other insignias were:

Thumper, helmet on head, racing to deliver messages.

The pugnacious Bulldog the favorite of U.S. Marine Corps uni's.

Jiminy Cricket, the conscience of Pinocchio, used as a Chaplains Corps symbol.

Flower appropriately tokening one branch of the Chemical Corps.

Fried Owl, the chosen sign of a night-fighting unit.

A ruffled feathered Eagle, his dander up and his boxing gloves on.

Dumbo, a camera curled in his trunk, on a photo mapping mission.

"Family entertainment?" The Disney characters were more than that. They were and are heroes. Dedicated to the joys of peace, liberty of life, and the pursuit of laughter, they can,when the need arises, bring about:

Death...

Destruction...

Deliverance...

And Democracy!

CON INFO CONT.

Russ Heath, truly an artist's artist, and delineator of *Sergeant Rock.*

Are you interested in writing, penciling, or inking for the comics? Then bring samples with you to demonstrate your technique and versatility — because National is looking for new talent, and will have its editors there to interview, discuss, and appraise. Where else is professional consultation available for the new writer or artist?

To talk about his beautiful new full-color, hardcover *Tarzan*, we will present Burne Hogarth, extraordinary artist of Tarzan's golden era. Of course, this session will include autographs and a question and answer period.

Film showings nightly from Wednesday to Saturday (no film program Sunday evening) from 8:00 PM to 3:00 AM, combining the best of adventure, serial, cartoon, and fantasy films!

★MEMBERSHIP

Regular membership covers all five days and includes all activities $7.00
Daily membership will be available only at the door $2.50
Supporting membership (non-attending) $2.50

All regular and supporting members who register before May 15, 1973 will be listed in order of registration in the big Souvenir Program.

★ DEALERS

A table six feet long by 2½ feet deep is $50.00 (Price covers all five days and *one* admission) until May 15. After that the price is $60.00 per table. (By March First, 36 of 110 available tables had been sold.) Earliest reservations (payment enclosed) get best locations, although there are no bad ones.

★ LUNCHEON

The Awards Luncheon will be held on Saturday, July 7. Receiving awards this year will be C.C. Beck and another guest still to be announced. Tickets to the luncheon are $7.50 each and early reservations are to everyone's advantage.

CONVENTION CHAIRMAN

PHIL SEULING
621 AVENUE Z
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11223

JĀCH SPAKE

JEFFREY H. WASSERMAN

A SIDE ORDER OF SORCERY...HOLD THE SWORD!

"Anything else, sir?" the waitress asked.

"Just a side order of sorcery.... hold the sword please," I replied. She looked up from her order book.

"The sword is part of the dish, sir. You don't pay extra for it." Disregarding my request, she began to scribble down my last order.

"I know there's no extra charge for the sword, m'dear," I explained, sounding all the world like W.C. Fields, "but I'd much rather go without it." The waitress, a lass of young years I might add, bit her lip and began to cross the last part of my order on her little book. She closed her eyes suddenly, ripped out my order blank, and turned to a fresh page, counting to ten under her breath all the while.

"Could you please start your order over again, sir?" Her eyes were moistening----she was obviously upset.

"Your first day on the job?" I ventured sympathetically.

"No," she answered. "It's my second here and I'm still a little new at it. I'm sorry for becoming so flustered and all that."

"That's all right. Why don't you sit down with me for a while and relax?" I rose and offered her a red-cushioned chair.

"Thank you. I might as well take my break now at the same time." We looked at each other for a moment or two in silence.

"Tell me. What's a nice girl doing in a place like this?"

She smiled and half-way giggled, "Oh, mostly taking orders and messing them up."

"How come?"

"Well," she counted on her fingers, "I either take the plates to the wrong table or I make mistakes taking the orders...just as I did with you." A lock of hair fell across her forehead. She tucked it back under her cap. "I suppose it's because I'm a bit too nervous." she paused and took a deep breath.

"Maybe you can help me."

"I'll be glad to," I beamed. "Ask away."

"This is going to sound strange; I mean, a waitress asking a customer, but what is the difference between having sorcery with the sword and having sorcery without the sword? You're about the third or fourth customer who's asked for it without the sword and I've been too ashamed to ask until now."

"First of all," I started, "there are comics like CONAN and KULL that blend both sword and sorcery together as one."

"Wouldn't THONGOR and SWORD OF SORCERY also fall into that category?"

"Yes, they would. You see, the basic idea of the sword and sorcery mythos is to pit a lone man, armed only with a sword, against the forces of sorcery. Usually the odds are over-whelmingly on the side of sorcery, what with the lone man battling primeval creatures."

"I understand. And sorcery without the sword is about a man who faces sorcery weaponless," she surmised.

"Not...quite. It's a little different. Let me explain further. Sword and sorcery tells of the confrontation between a behemoth of a man, usually poorly armed, and a source of all-powerful sorcery. This warrior goes through tremendous trials of his strength and endurance in battling his magical opponents, and in the end emerges victorious."

"So, you're saying that KULL, CONAN, THONGOR and FAFHRD and the GREY MOUSER are all such characters. They all fight off incredibly super-

ior adversaries with only extensions of their own prowess."

"That's right," I said.

"Do these heroes ever use sorcery against sorcery?"

"Occasionally, but it's never their idea to do so nor within their power to summon this magic by themselves. The magic that they sometimes wield is supplied by some enchanted sword or charm, a god, or a sorcerer who favors them."

"Now what about sorcery without the sword?" she asked.

"Sorcery without the sword differs quite drastically from sorcery with it."

"In what ways?"

"Well, sorcery without the sword doesn't usually deal with just man versus magic. It's not the epic battle between human and superhuman as sword and sorcery is. In this case, either antagonist can have magical powers. Oftentimes, both do. Some examples of this would be..."

"The DEMON, PHANTOM STRANGER and DOCTOR STRANGE?" she piped in.

"Yes, exactly. And those characters who are basically non-magical in nature but who nevertheless combat sorcery would be SWAMP THING and MAN-THING.

"DOC STRANGE and the others employ their magical powers or invoke the assistance of various spirits to defeat their enemies. They substitute the swashbuckling swordplay of sword and sorcery with spells of sensational splendor."

"Something like, 'Sally sells sea shells at the sea shore,' huh?"

I smiled. "You're getting close. You see, both formats use sorcery as the key aspect of the plot. The only difference is in how the hero fights off the evil sorcery. He can either rely on his own God-given talents, or call on the supernatural to aid him."

"I understand now," she said confidently. "Sorcery with the sword involves man in his normal state against sorcery while sorcery without the sword has both man and sorceror on somewhat equal terms."

"By George, I think you've got it! Want to try taking my order again?"

"Okay." She rose from the chair and took out her order book. "May I take your order, sir?"

(c) 1973 Marvel Comics Group

"Yes. I'll have a sirloin steak, well done, french fries, peas and carrots and a coke."

"Anything else, sir?"

"Just a side order of sorcery---"

"Hold the sword?" she queried.

"Please." We both broke into smiles. "You did that perfectly."

"Thanks. I'm getting the hang of it now."

"I...don't know about that. I think you could stand a little more practice. Are you doing anything later tonight?"

SHORT HISTORY OF BRITISH FANDOM CONT.

And what of 1973?

1973 is going to be a good year for fandom in England. It will be started off by our second Comic Mart at the end of February and the state of fanzines is getting better.

Somehow, things haven't gotten out of control---yet!

Continued next issue.

New and Recommended

TARZAN ALIVE
THE SPIRIT
COMICS: ANATOMY OF A MEDIA
GAINES BIOGRAPHY
HAUNT OF HORROR 1
COMIC MEDIA 8

TARZAN ALIVE: A DEFINITIVE BIOGRAPHY OF LORD GREYSTOKE by Philip José Farmer. Doubleday and Company, $5.95 (hardcover).

Is TARZAN a fictional character or did Edgar Rice Burroughs take his famous apeman stories from real life adventures?

This is the premise of TARZAN ALIVE. Farmer takes this idea and works it into a fantastic, well thought-out and well written 'biography' of TARZAN. He tells us that at a dinner party Burroughs met a man who started to tell him a story about a man who was brought up by apes. Burroughs took this and wrote them up as his series of 26 books.

Farmer tells us which TARZAN books are true with fictional dates and locations and those that are wholly fictional. He also explains that TARZAN is alive and well and living in Africa with his family under an assumed name.

Philip José Farmer is an excellent and exciting writer. The book is a great asset to those of you who enjoy TARZAN and possess even a little knowledge of TARZAN or if you just want to read a good book.

Take this book any way that you want. Fact or fiction. It doesn't matter. Just get it and read it.

/Liam O'Connor

* *

THE SPIRIT by Will Eisner. Spirit Publications, 116 South Vista Street L.A., California, 90036. 4 months (40 sections)-$13, 1 year (60 sections)- $20, 8 months (80 sections) -$26, 1 year (120 sections)- $38.

What can I say about The SPIRIT that hasn't already been said?

Well, not much. But seeing THE SPIRIT firsthand, I can better appreciate the things that have been said and see why it was said.

The SPIRIT Sunday sections are being reprinted in black & white photo-offset at the rate of 10 sections per month. So far, the first 20 sections (minus the June 23, 1940 section for which nothing exists to reproduce from) have come out. Suffice it to say, they're beautiful.

Will Eisner gives a commentary on each week's section explaining just what he did and how he felt that particular week's section turned out. What else can you ask for? All right a lot of things, but these are very nice.

This project I recommend without any reservation to you Eisner fans and to those who dig pretty pictures and good story.

/Liam O'Connor

* *

COMICS: ANATOMY OF A MASS MEDIA by Reinhold Reitberger and Wolfgang Fuchs. Little, Brown and Company, $6.95 (softbound).

ANATOMY OF A MASS MEDIA is one book that finally deals with the comics as a mass media, something which most people don't include when writing about comics.

ANATOMY OF A MASS MEDIA is a well written book that is full of interesting information. It covers the comics from their inception with the YELLOW KID to the present. This, of course, means that everything from strips to the comics are covered.

Reitberger and Fuchs, two German fans (ANATOMY OF A MASS MEDIA is translated from German), stick mainly to D.C. and Marvel, as this book is not meant to serve as a history, unlike most every other book on the subject, but as more of an examination and dissection of the comics as a mass media and an art form.

The best examples of this examination are in chapters three through seven and eleven, although the whole book has its good points.

Chapter Three, Adventure and Melodrama, takes examples of well known adventure and science fiction strips and discusses these.

The book goes on to cover the usual super hero comics (i.e. the use

of relevance in Marvel, etc.), the horror comics, criticism and censorship in the comics, Warren's black and whites and educational comics. These things, however, are not covered in the conventional ways. The book gets in deep in these subjects, the same way it covers Society as Portrayed in Comics, Sex and Satire, Inter-Media Dependencies and Trends and Developments.

The book contains over 300 black and white illustrations, ranging from full pages from Sunday sections to single panels. Some of these are used very effectivly, while others are just there without serving too much of a purpose.

Anyway, COMICS: ANATOMY OF A MASS MEDIA is a book well worth reading for an insight into the psychology and philosophy behind the comics.

/Liam O'Connor

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THE MAD WORLD OF WILLIAM M. GAINES, by Frank Jacobs. Lyle Stuart, Inc., $7.95 (hardcover).

I've been reading Frank Jacobs' THE MAD WORLD OF WILLIAM M. GAINES these past couple of days. I cannot put it down, it is so good. First of all, Jacobs writes in an easy, pleasing style that moves the reader along with the narrator as he drops down onto some of the bright and gloomy (more often gloomy) times in the life of Bill Gaines.

It is, without a doubt, one of the best biographies I've ever read. Author Jacobs has actually taken me into Gaines' life and introduced me to all the people in it, then lets me sit in a corner and watch the events occur. With great compassion we are shown the struggles Bill Gaines had with M.C. Gaines, his father...the fire he brought on during the E.C. horror days and the transcript from Gaines' testimony before the Senate Sub-Committe and the forming of the Comics Code. I've never felt a life as close to me as the life presented by Jacobs.

I've only seen Gaines once, that being at the 1972 E.C. Fan Addict Convention (as an indication of how up-to-date this biography is, it covers that convention and Gaines' new job at National), but there are numerous accounts of him in fanzines and newspapers alike. Filthy old man, frustrated father figure, totally insane eccentric, he is all these things and more. Perhaps the most significant thing, and a point that Jacobs shows quite often, is that Gaines, who looked to all as being the ultimate poor-soul, the one person who could never have accomplished anything, has faced the world on its own terms, BEATEN it, and still remains as eccentric as he ever was. Rare is the man who can make that claim.

The only thing I didn't like about the book was that Jacobs would take time out to present a portrait of MAD and the MAD office and how it somehow manages to get the work done. These chapters are very interesting, but are out of sequence with the chain of events in Gaines' life. You're told about some of the recent satires MAD has been running, and in the next chapter Jacobs presents the Gaines-Kurtzman split. I think the MAD chapters could have served better being placed in chronological sequence so that we could compare the recent events to the scope of what has happened before, not have to keep it in mind when we reach that time in Gaines' life and have to think back to the MAD parts some chapters back.

It's a minor quibble, I suppose, but still one that bothered me in my reading. The MAD story DID change the shape of comics and probably a lot of American lives over its twenty year history, and I'm glad to see it, and especially Gaines, profiled as sharply as has been done here.

There are also several pages of pictures of Bill, his family and his MAD family, and drawings by some of the MAD staffers in regard to the MAD trips. There's one picture of M.C. Gaines, Harry Donenfeld, and Jack Liebowitz as the kings of comics that is particlarly interesting. The only one strangely absent from the picture section is Harvey Kurtzman.

There are anecdotes by the ream, a chapter detailing how M.C. Gaines fathered the comics industry (the best written piece on that phase of comics history I've read yet), and the essence of the man, Bill Gaines. I urge you all to buy it and share his life.

/Carl Gafford

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COMIC MEDIA no. 8; Nick Landau, (from UK), 22 Woodhaw, Eghem, Surrey, TW20 9AP. 15p. (USA) TCR Pubs, 393 East 58th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11203. 60ø.

Many of you may not be aware of the large number of comic fans that are in England. There are even sev-

eral English fanzines, the best one going by the name of COMIC MEDIA.

COMIC MEDIA is also the name for England's newszine, also edited by Nick Landau, but this issue of CM is mainly an article zine.

The issue starts off with an interesting, although short, interview with Peanuts creator Charles Schulz, by Keith MacKenzie. No new questions are asked of Schulz, but it is nonetheless interesting.

What follows are articles by Lee Hopewell on Thongor of Lemuria, Portuguese comics by Jose Carlos F. M. Rodriques, A Solution For Comics by Don Miller, a short piece on Nazi propaganda strips by Christian Freitag, a piece on Richard Corben by Tom Greeniones, A history of Science Fiction (Part I) by Lee Hopewell and an interview with Italian comic strip artist Philippe Druillet conducted by Guy Vidal. All of the above articles are interesting and well written, but the best thing in this issue is the first half of the fifth episode of MODESTY BLAISE!

We seldom get to see old episodes of this exceptional British strip, so it's worth the 60¢ (or 15p, depending on where you're from) just for that. The next issue of CM will finish off the MODESTY BLAISE story.

The layouts and content are excellent in COMIC MEDIA, making for a fanzine that is both good to look at and interesting to read. Editor Landau does an exceptional job.

Get COMIC MEDIA, it's a good fanzine and it's a fine example of how a zine should look and read.

/Howard Kaye

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HAUNT OF HORROR #1 (Marvel CG). 75¢.

This collection of short stories is Marvel's first contribution to the pulp field. And it is a good start. This 160 page, digest-size magazine is edited by Gerry Conway, who deserves a hand for a job well done, as HAUNT OF HORROR is an excellent book with a promise of better things to come.

HAUNT OF HORROR concentrates mainly on stories of the horror or supernatural vain. However, it also contains stories by such science-fiction writers as Harlan Ellison and R.A. Lafferty.

This first issue contains the first part (of two) of a superb horror/supernatural type story by Fritz Leiber, The Conjure Wife. It is an excellent novella done by the writer of the FAFHRD and GRAY MOUSER tales. This story alone makes the magazine worth the price, but there are other things to help you decide.

For those s-f fans out there, there is, as I mentioned above, a story by Harlan Ellison. One thing that I find strange is that this short story supposedly had its last few paragraphs messed up by the type setter. If this is so than it proved that nobody can louse up an Ellison story because it was still fantastic. It will, however, be reprinted as it is supposed to read in the second issue, out in May.

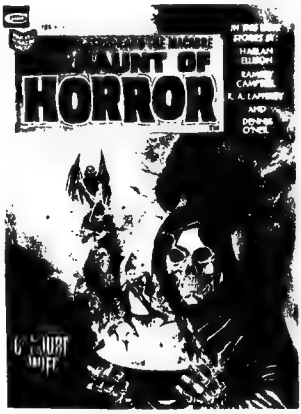
For those fantasy freaks out there, HAUNT OF HORROR has something to offer you. That being nothing less than a Robert E. Howard story.

Along with the stories in the mag there are several regular columns, one of them by Denny O'Neil. The column, Lurker In The Family Room, will deal with different aspects of the horror and fantasy field, and it is worth reading.

The beautiful cover is a spectacular oil painting by Gray Morrow. Other features and stories are by John K. Diomede, A.A. Attanasio, David Bunch, Beverly Goldberg, Ramsey Campbell and Baird Searless.

So, if you don't want to regret it later, haunt your newsstand until you find HAUNT OF HORROR.

/Steve Gilary



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NOTE: If you wish to have your fanzine reviewed in NEW AND RECOMMENDED send a copy to the Etcetera address and state on the copy that it is for review purposes.

letters to:

I must admit that the amount of mail received on Etcetera # 1 was not as much as I'd hoped for, but, it still wasn't too bad. And people, if you don't send letters telling me what kind of articles and features you want to see, I have nothing to go on, and I have to use what I want instead of what you'd like to see. So, get going and send me mail!

There were some letters of interest received on the first issue and they are printed on the following few pages. Each issue I hope to have two or three pages of letters, so write!

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Dear Mr. Kupperberg,

I finally got my copy yesterday. I thought it was really pretty good, overall, but hardly perfect. One of its most annoying and easily correctable faults was poor grammar. Come on, you guys- you're all high school educated, aren't you?

Another complaint, but not mechanical, is with the humor articles: BREAKDOWN and A SPANNER IN THE COGS. First, I had thought that the humor was reserved for True F.A.T.. Second, neither of these articles was really funny. If Mr. Moench thinks that Kirby and Steranko (or other artists) are just money grubbing, incompetent bull-shitters, he should say it straight and document it, as Tom Greeniones does in his piece. Steve Utley's article seemed absolutely without point; why not, instead, a reasonable discussion of the new reprints, for example E.C. and the SPIRIT? I hope you'll keep articles like these two, which try to substitute good research and reasoned arguments with weak attempts at humor, out of Etcetera.

The personal columns, THE WANDERING FAN, I.E., DUFFY'S TAVERN and JACH SPAKE can only be judged according to one's personal likes and dislikes as regards the individual writers. For myself, I find Tony Isabella a bore; the others I enjoyed. The issue's FANDOM FORUM and NEW AND RECOMMENDED were, of course, introductions. I don't see, though, why Neal couldn't have used some of his acquaintance's opinions for a real forum. This instellment was instead largely an ad for his zine. The column could develope into something really good, though. As for N & R, I hope there won't be too much overlapping of RB&CC's Critique. Again, there is the potential for something good.

LESTER DENT, REVIVAL-SURVIVAL, SHOT IN THE DARK, LORD OF HIS DOMAIN and the reports on Rutland and the second Creation Con were good. I hope that in future issues such articles are longer, but as they were, they were fine! This is the stuff! Give us more!

The printing and layout were always excellent, and I'm glad you went easy on the non-illustrative art (i.e. that which is not positively related to any article). With more solid writing, Etcetera would really be one of the greats. Keep up the good work, and good luck!

Christopher Melchert
6077 Ocean View Drive
Oakland, Calif. 94618

(First off, thanks for the kind comments. But the others...

The reaction to the "humor" articles was split pretty evenly, but no one really seemed to realize that those "humor" articles were satire. And satire is slightly different than the funny stuff. Both Doug and Steve were saying something in their pieces. Also, if you've seen True F.A.T. by now, you know it contains a different type of humor. And the magazine won't be coming out anymore so there's no place to put the stuff anyway, other than Etcetera.

Another plus for the satire is that it helps break up the issue. Without it, I think 44 pages of material would get pretty monotonous. —Paul

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Dear Editor,

I'm new to fandom and zines, so I've nothing to compare Etcetera with, except TCR, but I like it.

The piece on Lester Dent was interesting and informative, especially if you're a DOC SAVAGE fan or the type who just likes to read about authors. I'm both, so I really dug it.

BREAKDOWN was very funny. I wonder if it's really Doug's opinion of Kirby's work or just in fun. As I'm not a LEGION OF SUPER HEROES or JLA fan, I found Slifer's and Vohland's articles of less interest.

JUNGLE LORD CAPER by Tom Greeniones was the best thing in the issue, even if I disagree with a few minor points. I won't go into detail, but I think that the material is as deep as the artist makes it and Kubert has done very well with TARZAN.

I don't want to make this letter any longer than I have to, so I'll just cut it short and say that the whole issue was very enjoyable.

Richard Onito
11 Kissan Ave.
Staten Island, NY 10306

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Dear Paul,

I'm impressed! The January issue of Etcetera was a welcome relief after having put up with all the godawful amateur comic zines which cost a small fortune these days. Intelligent articles (well, most of them anyway) are a rare thing to find in a fanzine these days, and intelligent people even rarer. (Who can honestly shell out $3 and up for fanzines because they contain original Kirby art? For 20¢ they can get a complete story! Cripes! Haven't these fans ever heard of comic books?)

But, I must take offense...

Tom Greeniones' article on Kubert's TARZAN was claptrap. He says TARZAN is way ahead of Thomas' and Smith's version of CONAN because they have taken unnatural liberties with the comic medium. He says that every issue looks like text plus illustrations rather then a comic book. He says comics are primarily visual.

Rebuttal time, folks!

How dare this man (if he indeed is one) compare Kubert's ineffectual doodlings to the unparalled beauty of Smith's artwork? It seems that everyone is jumping on the let's-knock-Smith bandwagon, and I find this extremely distressing. Smith has perhaps created one of the most fully realized comic book adaptions the medium has ever seen....and why? Because most of the artists like Kubert have taken the so-called "impressionistic approach" which you so loudly applaud and copped out by justifying their work as being pure comic book material, allowing the reader to fill in the gaps with his own, bigger than life imagination.

...Au contraire, friends!

Barry Smith has ambitiously chosen to throw away all limits and preconceived notions about comics to put everything in a panel, leaving nothing for the reader to do but take it all in and let the pros carry him away, leaving him breathless at the end. CONAN has admittedly overstepped the boundaries of what comic books are'supposed to be', and the only way for someone to set the boundaries of the land of 'supposed to be' is to find something great enough to be compared to all the rest. And since CONAN is, in my opinion, the best, everything else just doesn't measure up. CONAN deserves to hang in a museum as an unquestionable masterpiece and a constant reminder for everyone else to try and do better. And who can <u>even think</u> that Smith's work is not as <u>visual</u> as Kubert's? Just because there is a lot of stunning prose by Howard included and most fans still just like to look at the pretty pictures, it is absurd to condemn the CONAN production, just because they tried to do something a bit more, a bit different. Originality is something far and few between and let's encourage anyone who is daring enough to fool around with something new to expand the medium.

Besides, I think Kubert's TARZAN looks like he needs to eat his Farina.

Robert A. Nason
21-01 Utopia Parkway
Whitestone, NY 11357

(Robert, I passed your letter on to Tom for him to rebutt your rebuttal, so to speak.

His reply (for now) was short. He said:

Do print his letter in full. My reply, however, will take lots of room to say. More and more I find myself urged to give more attention imparting my historical perspective on comics than my opinions. So be it.

So, next article will revolve around

a reply to him, including 'what comics are supposed to be.'

So, I guess to see what Tom has to say, you'll have to just make sure you get the next issue of Etcetera. (Sneaky, ain't I?) --Paul)

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Dear Editor,

The new, revamped Etcetera got off to an impressive beginning with issue #1. Some of the columns I can do without are SHOT IN THE DARK and JACH SPAKE, but, overall my funny bone was tickled very consistently.

I don't know whether to believe Ron Bennett's column or not! Is he pulling our leg or not? If it is true then it certainly was an unique example of fandom madness. THE GREAT CONAN IMITATORS stressed some very minor characters and not even the best of the imitators. This article proved useless because of this but if he had examined ELRIC or THONGOR or FAFHRD and the GREY MOUSER, the impression would have been far different. Doug Moench's point was stretched in his BREAKDOWN, but I also have a devilish thought in the back of my head when reading an interview that it's all a put-on, a swipe. In-it-for-the-bread sort of thing. Fortunately he picked on one of the most unique artists and not one of those rotten hacks that still beat the heck out of a story. It may be interesting to have Isabella continue his fan column while he's getting established at Marvel so that the rest of us fans can see what happens as a fan becomes pro. FANDOM FORUM amounted to a little more than a massive plug for Neal's fanzine. I am now able to enjoy convention reports more fully after having been to my first a week ago.

Etcetera fills a big void left when Comic Fandom Monthly died, but where half their articles left me bored stiff, this issue did not have a one. Keep it up...I hope you go monthly soon.

Gary Kimber
139 Highview Ave.
Scar., Ont. CANADA
M1N 2J2

(Monthly!?! Good lord, man! I just went to bi-monthly. Give me time!

Neal Pozner's FANDOM FORUM was a rush job so he didn't have time to really think out an article. However,as you can see from this issue's FF, Neal is turning out better stuff. --Paul)

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Dear sir,

First I'd like to say that I thought Etcetera #1 was pretty good.

The LESTER DENT article by Pinaha was very informative. I've heard a lot about DOC SAVAGE, but not too much about his creator. I'm amazed at the quantity of work he produced. I liked Tony Isabella's WANDERING FAN article. True F.A.T. will come out January 25? January 25 of what year? (By the time you read this, the first and only issue of True F.A.T. has been out for quite some time now. --Paul) Well, congratulations on joining up with Marvel.

The Rutland article and Creation II report were entertaining. I've never been to a convention, so it was interesting reading about what one was like.

I disagree with Tom Greeniones and his SHOT IN THE DARK article. I think the writing on CONAN is good. Kubert's impressionistic approach doesn't please me. His people are drawn too scratchy. I agree that it should have more space to work with, more realistic characters, and more space per story. The CONAN IMITATORS was okay, but it becomes repetitious reading about all the books. I liked DUFFY'S TAVERN. Killing off the identity of GREEN LANTERN is an interesting possibility but I doubt that many fans or readers would like it. I wasn't born early enough to know about the Quality heroes, but I would enjoy seeing them. I have not been a fan too long, so the second half of the article was interesting.

The FANDOM FORUM column seemed mostly to be an ad for his fanzine. THE MARVEL AGE OF COMEDIES and A SPANNER IN THE COGS were pretty funny. I would like to see more of this type of article, and some more art in future issues of Etcetera.

Alan Lankin
1117 New Pear Street
Vineland, NJ 08360

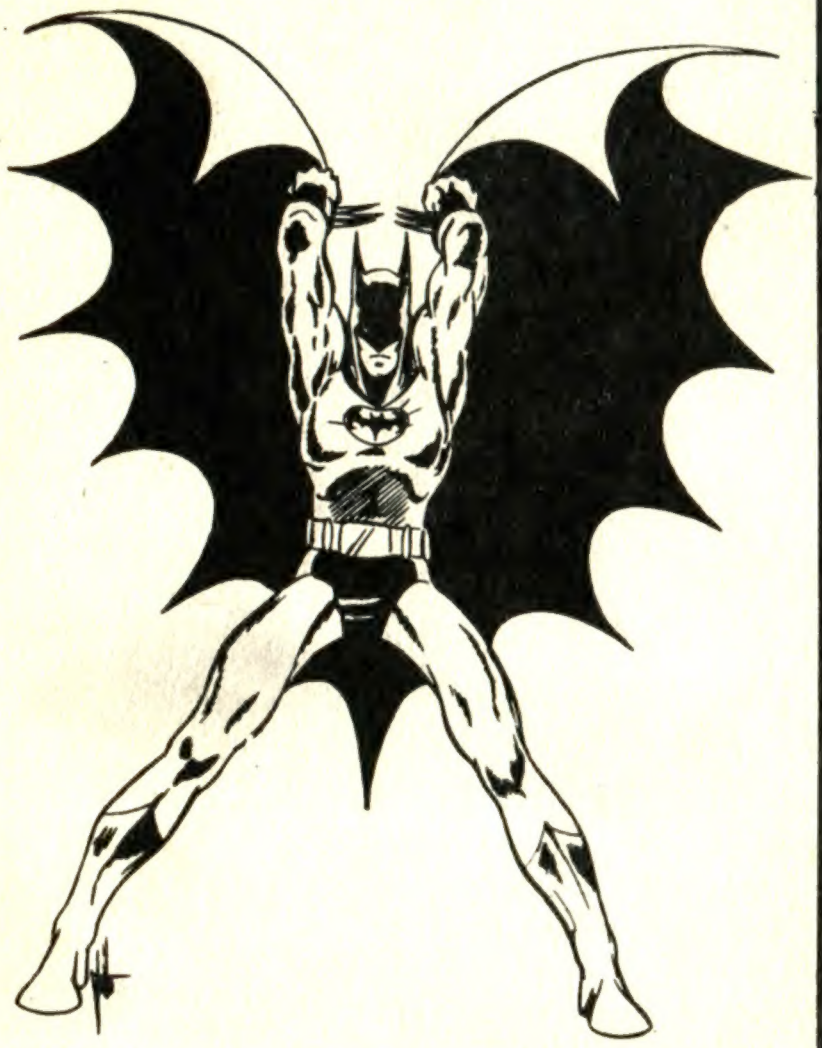
(As you can see, this issue also has a convention report, this time on the '73 Star Trek Con. Hope you like it.

It seems that a lot of people disagree with Tom Greeniones. Well, it never hurts to have a controversial writer on the staff. --Paul)

Those are the letters for this issue. And, remember the words of one great man...

WE MUST BE DOING SOMETHING----WRITE!

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE
JUNE 16



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